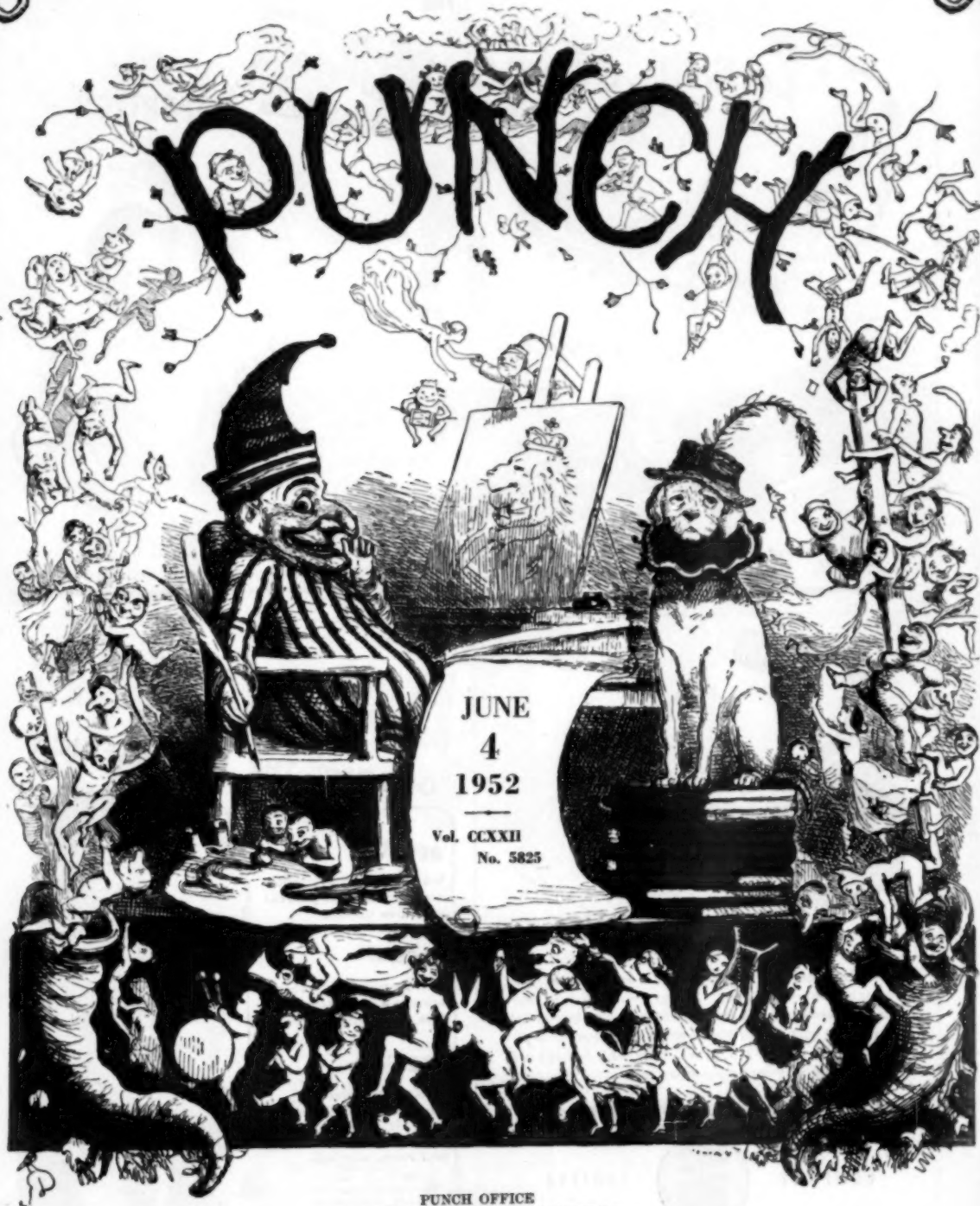


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4 1952

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



In 1 lb. and 1 lb.  
Chests and  
1 lb. Box

*Symphony*



An exquisite **Tobler** creation



*A feat of balance*

Regulated movement calls for endless feats of balance, but we pride ourselves on constant versatility. Springs are the balancing force of this mechanical age, and for over fifty years our springs and pressings have maintained a high standard of performance in the mechanical field. Beyond this, we are always ready to design and manufacture a new spring for a new function.

**THE TEMPERED SPRING**

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THE



**"SPORTIE"**

A delightful  
sports blouse  
at a moderate  
price in 14  
lovely colours.  
Rain resistant  
and washable.



In case of difficulty please write for name of your nearest stockist to:

**WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE.**

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**BRYLCREEM**  
GROOMS THE HAIR CLEANLY

**BECAUSE**

the pure oils in Brylcreem  
are emulsified to prevent  
excessive oiliness

**BECAUSE**

with massage Brylcreem  
ensures a clean scalp,  
free from dandruff

**BECAUSE**

Brylcreem contains  
no gum, no soap,  
no spirit, no starch

**Brylcreem your hair**

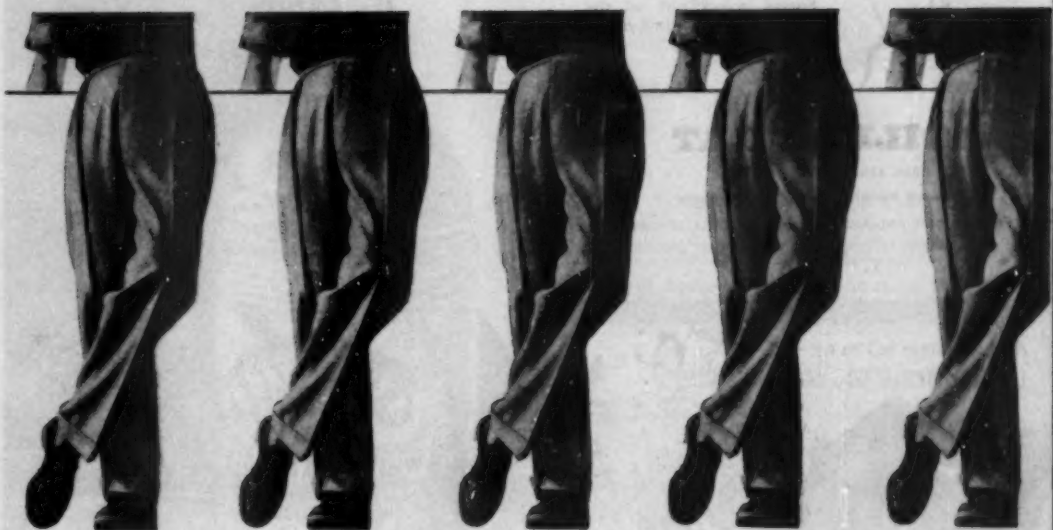
Brylcreem, the perfect  
hairstressing, comes in  
tubs 2/6, 2/6 and 4/6, or  
handy tubes 2/6.



rand: 91/6

why are there so many

DAKS men?



There's an uncommon perfection about the hang of Daks — and about the quality of the cloth. This, indeed, has never been more true than it is today. Daks worsteds, for instance, are woven with a two-fold warp and weft, which produces superb texture and extremely long wear. Handle them! The gaberdines, pinpoints, corduroys, and indeed all Daks cloths, are in the same aristocratic class. When you remember the comfortable self-supporting waistband, and shirt-controlling rubber pads, can you wonder that converts to Daks are always increasing?

**Daks £2,000 golf tournament** at Wentworth Club, Surrey, on 25, 26 and 27 June, 1932.  
Organised by the Professional Golfers' Association.

**SIMPSON TAILORED**

SAY "Noilly Prat"

and your 'French'  
will be perfect!



Here's why . . . Because today, as when it was first blended 150 years ago, Noilly Prat is France's premier Vermouth. The Vermouth whose delicate perfection blends so well with gin: that is the making of any cocktail that calls for 'French'. That is Noilly Prat — still made only in France from French grapes with all the traditional French skill in the treatment of wine.

**NOILLY PRAT**

REAL FRENCH VERMOUTH

Blended and Bottled in the BIG Bottle in France

IMPORTED BY WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 9 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

As a woodsman he's on top —  
RADIATION helps him chop!



The wisest of woodsmen will chop more cheerfully in one of these Radiac half-sleeve sports shirts! Well cut in pleasant plain colours, they're an asset to any sportsman . . . at prices which are sportingly varied to suit everyone.

McIntyre, Hogg, Marsh & Co. Ltd.  
London & Manchester

C.31

**RADIAC SHIRTS**



Maximum U.K. prices: 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 half bottle; 9/2 qtr. bottle; 3/7 miniatures





## How much money can I take with me?

Every monetary problem that arises when you are arranging to go abroad can be dealt with promptly through any branch of Lloyds Bank.

The Bank will tell you how much money can be taken, issue Travellers' Cheques or Letters of Credit and permitted amounts of foreign currency, and undertake any other monetary arrangements that may be necessary for any journey on business or pleasure, across the Channel or across the world.

Let **LLOYDS BANK**  
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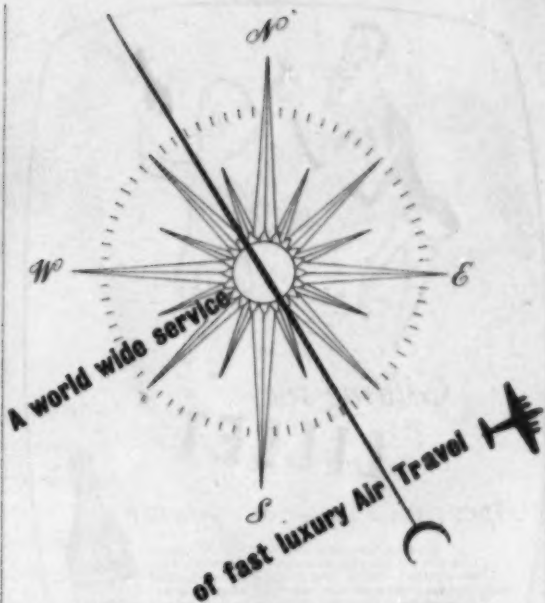
Just a spot  
..lathers  
a lot..

★ Ingram users enjoy comfortable quick shaves, followed by a reassuring, menthol-cool freshness. For Ingram's plentiful lather combines its own face lotion. Share their pleasure by trying Ingram for yourself! You'll find Ingram a great comfort—both to your face and pocket.



*combines its  
own face lotion*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK



Today more than ever it is sound  
economy to travel by air, whether on business  
or pleasure. Save time and conduct your  
affairs on a "personal on-the-spot" basis,  
wherever it may be. Enjoy typical  
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Bookings through your usual Travel Agent.

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32, Deansgate, Manchester, 3 - Telephone: Deansgate 6295  
Prestwick Airport, Ayrshire, Scotland - Telephone: Prestwick 7272



## Gilding the LILLET

*Apéry (Apricot Liqueur) or Anisette?*

For every bon viveur who likes a dash of "Apéry" in his Gin and Lillet there's another who prefers a dash of Marie Brizard Anisette. Yet a third school of thought insists that the simplest and best cocktail is 2/3 Gin, 1/3 Lillet and a squeeze of lemon peel. Which of all these makes the best aperitif? Try them and give the decision.

★ In the 1952 World Cocktail Competition Lillet was a main ingredient in the 1st and 4th cocktails chosen.



Tate & Liversidge & Halsey Ltd., 5 Lombard Street, London, E.C.4.

*for every occasion*



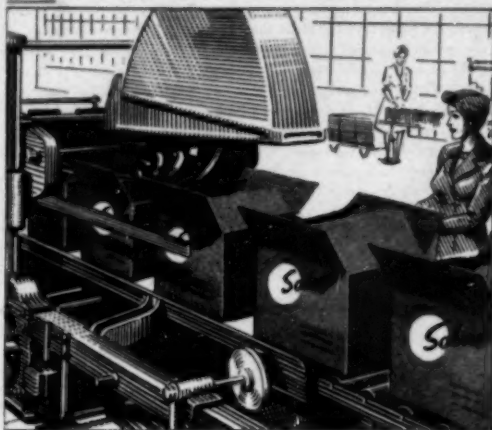
**PLAYER'S  
No. 3**



*The Quality Cigarette*

[SP 111]

# Packed right in "Fiberite"!



If goods are worth making and worth advertising, they are worthy of good packing! Manufacturers whose trade-marks are household words realise this and pack their products in "FIBERITE" cases. Thus they increase their prestige, but packing costs stay low. Yes, it pays to let the "FIBERITE" trade-mark give your goods the hall-mark of good packing.

Trade **"FIBERITE"** Mark  
PACKING CASES

**THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD.  
PURFLEET · ESSEX**

Manufacturers of  
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;  
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard

9-1132-02





Here is Mediterranean living without Continental currency... 5 acres of gardens sloping down to your private sea frontage... your own tennis, squash, ballroom. Write for brochure B.

It's a  
sunny-go-round  
at the  
**Imperial**  
TORQUAY

THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE  
MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

GOOD WINE OUT OF THE ORDINARY



**SERIAL.** Dry  
Perfect before dinner  
**BUAL.** Rich  
The desert Madeira  
**MALMSEY**  
Full and luscious

*Madeira*

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GREATEST  
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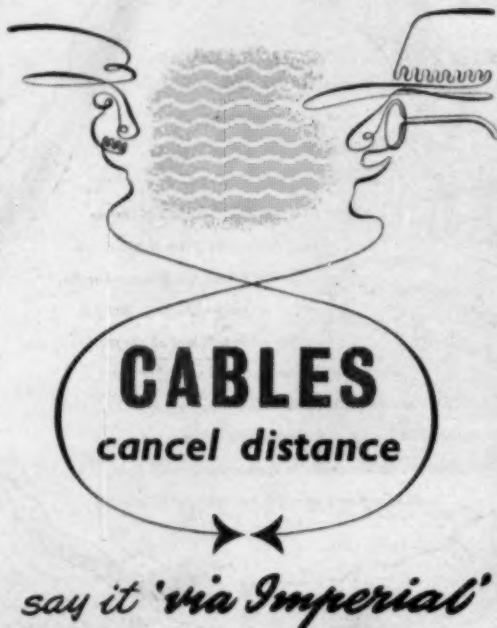
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and overseas magazines and we  
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Open 9-6 (Mon. Sat.)

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cancel distance

*say it 'via Imperial'*



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

ENJOY A PERFECT HOLIDAY  
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**Fort Anne Hotel**  
DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN

Excellent Cuisine & Service. Every comfort.  
Overlooking Bay. Open all the year.  
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**"MELANYL"**  
THE MARKING INK  
MARKS LINEN  
INDELIBLY

Post your  
Holiday  
Films to  
Will R. Rose  
LTD  
HE DOES THEM BEST!

23 BRIDGE STREET ROW,  
CHESTER

133, 134 HIGH ST. OXFORD  
35 THE PROMENADE,  
CHELTENHAM

Send for  
wrapper for  
easy posting

Formosa for 'MAGNA PRINTS' (Regd)



**VULFIX**  
"Service"  
Shaving BRUSH

The brush with the 3 years' guarantee.

THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH Co., Ltd.  
MOTTRAM STREET, STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE  
49, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

*It's a fact—*  
**Thor**  
AUTOMATIC  
WASHING MACHINE

does more—better!



THOR APPLIANCES LTD. 64-66 OXFORD STREET LONDON W.1



## Hats of State



and heads ahead

of most wear hats by . . .

## Lincoln Bennett



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street), and from the best men's shops everywhere. Prices from 50/6d.



Did you know-

—a King of England rode a winner at Newmarket?

ON OCTOBER 14th, 1673, Charles II rode his horse "Woodcock" at Newmarket against Mr. Elliot, gentleman of the Bedchamber on "Flatfoot". The King lost, but two days later he rode against Mr. Elliot, Mr. Thin and the Duke of Monmouth for The Plate and won. In 1675 he won The Plate a second time. The King's success cannot be accounted for by the tact of his courtiers for we have the authority of Sir Robert Carr that "His Majesty rode himself three heats and a course, and won The Plate—all four were hard and no'er ridden, and I dare swear you the King won by good horsemanship."

**A NOTABLE HORSEMAN** The King was indeed a notable horseman, for at the age of ten his riding master, the Duke of Newcastle, wrote of him "he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity to the admiration of all who beheld him."

Did you know that for over half a century the House of Cope has provided an unrivalled service for sportsmen, based on courtesy, integrity and dependability. Write NOW for our illustrated brochure.

**NO LIMIT ★ ALL POSTAGE PAID**  
Sole by Telephone, Letter and Telegram

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

# COPE'S

The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

Please send me a free copy of your new 1932 illustrated brochure. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Town \_\_\_\_\_

PU/17

County \_\_\_\_\_

David Cope Ltd., Langtons Green, London, E.C.4

The finest value in Men's Socks

**6/4**  
PAIR

We shall be happy to send you a folder of the patterns in which our men's 'Viyella' sports shirts and men's 'Clydella' pyjamas are obtainable. Write to Dept. P9/S, William Hollins & Company Limited, Viyella House, Nottingham. If necessary we will gladly give you the name of your nearest shop.



There's nothing to equal  
**'Dayella'**

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'  
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM

40/1

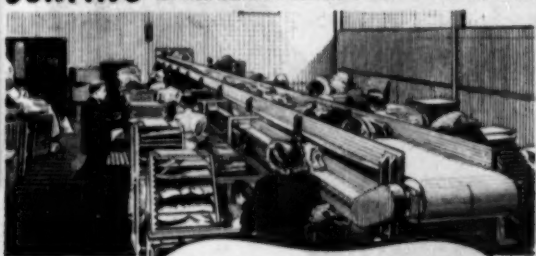


Life's a cartwheel when you're bursting with health! And it's the energy-packed wholemeal rye of Ryvita that puts the punch of health into every single meal. How you do enjoy health with crisp, delicious Ryvita! Remember Ryvita every mealtime. Ryvita—from all good grocers.



By Appointment  
Ryvita Manufacturers  
to the late King George VI  
Ryvita Co. Ltd.

## SORTING AT THE LARGEST CLEANING WORKS IN BT. BRITAIN



Right from the start we take  
**EXTRA CARE!**

Correct and accurate sorting is the first process at the Achille Serre works. And a most important one! Different materials react differently to dry cleaning or dyeing, so garments are sorted into no less than 97 different categories. Extra care, you see, begins as soon as your garments reach the works. And it continues right through the many stages that must be passed before your suit, costume, dress, or soft furnishing comes back—beautifully cleaned and skilfully pressed. Achille Serre care is traditional—it explains their reputation for high quality cleaning and dyeing.

And yet such  
reasonable  
prices

**ACHILLE SERRE**

*Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus* **RETEX**

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

## The dogs that lost their jobs



They just weren't up to it... their flock had grown, book by book, until it was really too much for any dogs to support—and certainly they could not keep the dust off. So now the master has invested in a Minty bookcase... designed on contemporary lines and of undating simplicity, magnificently built by cabinet craftsmen and fronted with sliding plate glass panels.

The beauty of these Minty bookcases is that each unit is a complete piece of furniture, yet matching units can be added—on top and to the sides—as the library grows. And each time, the bookcase is complete. In this way the cost, too, is spread over.

Minty bookcases are available in oak, mahogany or walnut at tax-free prices as follows:—  
Combination 24N (above), £23.11.8. Combination 36N (centre), £67.7.4. Combination 21N (below), £15.2.4.



**MINTY**

If you cannot call, write for full particulars to:—  
Dept. P1, MINTY LTD., 44/45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

Showrooms: LONDON—123 Victoria Street, S.W.1.  
MANCHESTER—7/9 ROYAL EXCHANGE ARCADE.



**Look**

FOR THE FIRST TIME!  
**eye-level grilling**  
on your **CANNON** cooker

The grilling unit is ingeniously concealed when not in use.

This unique invention gives you visual grilling, a bigger oven, and a large warming drawer.



The Cooker  
every woman wants

ENQUIRE AT YOUR LOCAL GAS SHOWROOMS



**Naughty Betty** wouldn't eat  
Mother's nice new apple sweet.  
Mother racked her brains—no good—  
to make young Betty eat her pud,  
till a neighbour, kitchen-wise,  
told her of a nice surprise.  
Betty now eats sweets with glee  
"Monk & Glass," she says, "for me."

**MORAL:** Make all meals special treats  
by serving Monk & Glass with sweets.



# MONK & GLASS

*jolly good* **CUSTARD**

2 pint packet 4d. 7 pint packet 11½d. Family Drum 1/7½d.



Lemons  
Glucose  
Scotch Barley  
Sugar



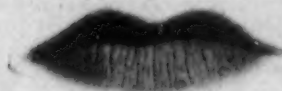
MADE BY RAYNER AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18



The illustration shows  
the Model CS 70-7-1 cu.  
ft. refrigerator with 13  
sq. ft. of shelf space.  
Other models with 3  
and 4½ cu. ft. capacity  
are available.

**do you pay  
lip service?**

to the trimmings which are part of any  
modern refrigerator. They are of course  
convenient to have but most important  
is the certainty of a safe investment and  
the guarantee that only skill  
and workmanship can give.  
Coldrator stands alone as the pioneer of  
the British built hermetically sealed  
refrigerating system. You may inspect  
them in any leading showroom or  
send for literature IRC.114  
Industry too chooses Coldrator for a wide variety  
of uses. In shops, hotels, large cold stores  
and factory processes, it serves you in many ways.



IN REFRIGERATION

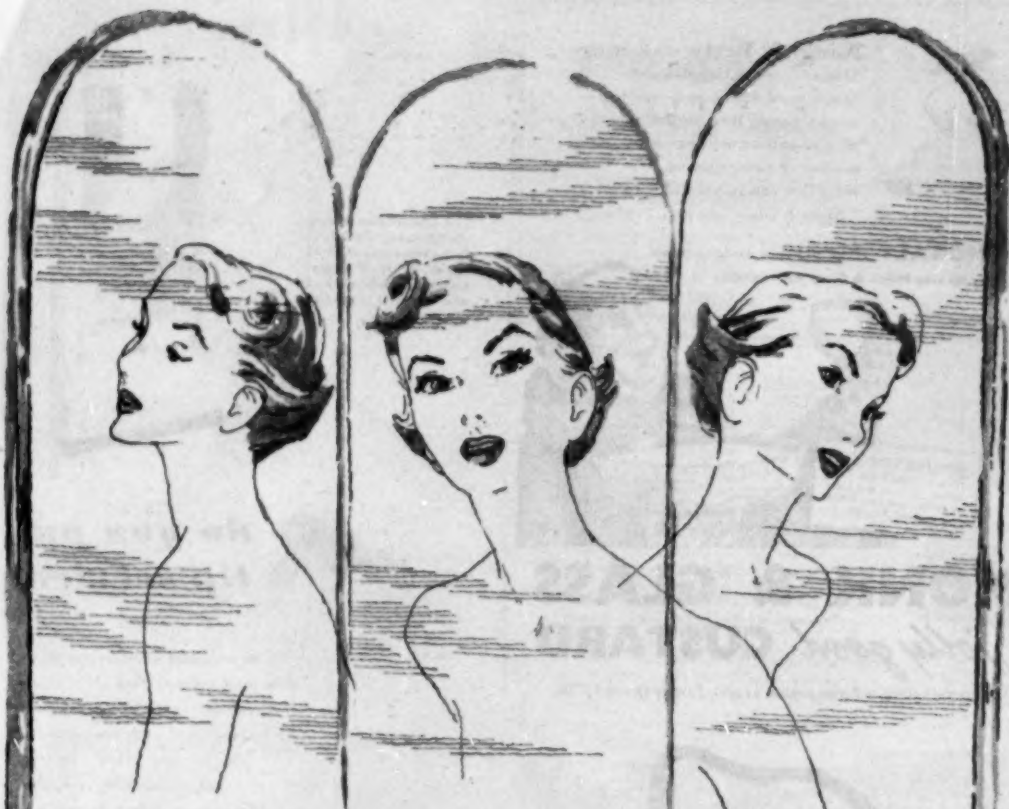
# COLDRATOR

STANDS ALONE

INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR CO LTD PETERSBOROUGH

IR. 1

Member of the A.E.I. group of companies



**What do you think of yourself?**

It's all too easy to be content with a mere dab of powder and lipstick. But how much lovelier you could look if you went in for planned make-up with Yardley. First an even film of Make-up Base to prevent shine. Then the lovely bloom of Complexion Powder, carefully chosen to tone with your skin. Now comes Yardley Lipstick harmonised with your colouring and your dress. It keeps your lips as soft as roses.

# YARDLEY

LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK







## CHARIVARIA

ACCORDING to an authority on world food problems our undernourished earth has 60,000 new mouths to feed every day. This seems to call for some revision of the old idea about one being born every minute.

Whitsuntide saw an innovation at Brighton, when the sea front was patrolled by a team of "promettes," pretty girls in becoming uniforms employed by the Corporation to assist visitors with their problems. Official instructions were to smile encouragingly and if necessary make the first approach, to be helpful and accurate, and to look their best without being so dazzling as to scare people off. Until the Corporation's statistical department publishes a report on the experiment it will be difficult to assess its value. Meanwhile, a spokesman of British Railways, the only organization running a comparable scheme, has expressed some scepticism. But it is possible, of course, that official instructions to "platformettes" aren't quite the same.

Faithful to its traditional task of creating a fully informed public the Press, at this season, is devoting liberal space to telling its readers what sort of weather they have been having. Those of us who resent the persistence of many wartime restrictions should be grateful that the ban on meteorological journalism at least is no longer with us. We can read, with perfect freedom, about the hottest day since 1894 (1922, some reports say; others, last July), and the biggest hailstones, to follow, since roughly the same date, or

dates; and we can particularly relish those papers that not only provide news of temperature, rainfall, wind-velocity and storm damage in the letter-press, but employ an artist to draw exquisitely-detailed pictures of barometers, with arrows indicating the affected parts.

The police are said to know the identity of thieves who recently robbed a Stepney warehouse of fifty hundredweight of tea, eighty hundredweight of butter and seventeen cases of tinned ham, but no arrests will be made at present. Detectives are keeping the men under close observation in case they try to get into touch with the £200,000 mail-van gang to negotiate a straight swap.

The Secretary of State for War, answering a question in the House, declined to consider the introduction of a new title for the private soldier. The present one, he said, was an honourable and traditional title, "and I am sure that the great majority of the Army would share my reluctance to see it changed." It is nevertheless understood that certain military elements would favour its change to "Corporal."

Public indebtedness to *The Sunday Times* for its weekly guidance on Continental holiday accommodation has been deepened by a hint contained in an article on the Italian Lakes: "Baveno is quieter than Stress,



AA



665



666-667

and one of the hotels is falling over backwards to help us out this summer . . ." Stress for us, then, thanks.

It is feared by the British Transport Commission that the recent action by two Members of Parliament, who protested that their train was shorter than it should have been, may encourage a similar aggressiveness among ordinary travellers. Queues of ticket-holders at Victoria have in the past been successfully deterred from boarding their waiting trains by the mere absence of an official at the barrier gate. Any day now they may be walking straight through.

A well-known writer, speaking in praise of a well-known artist, recalled that they had been boys together. "Even then," he said, "he was as confident of being a great painter as I was of being Prime Minister." And did they both grow up to be Mr. Winston Churchill!

Americans say that the paying of social calls in this country is hedged in by etiquette. On a purely private visit to a country house, for instance, one should use the back entrance, as there is a fixed charge of 2s. 6d. per head for front-door callers.

From the official Gazette of the United States Patent Office  
Volume 654, No. 2:

"A hair cutting and dressing method which consists in forming a central area at the rear of the hair, dividing this central area into horizontally extending locks, combing these locks upwardly to a position opposite that normally occupied by the hair, then forming the locks into triangles at each side of the center line of the head with the angle opposite the vertical side of the triangle adjacent the center line of the head being at least 90 degrees, then measuring from the base of the triangles, then cutting the tip end of the triangles to measured lengths, then dividing the side of the hair into horizontal locks, then combing these locks upwardly to a position opposite that normally occupied by the hair, then forming these last named locks into a triangle and arranging the last named triangle at an angle to the head, and then cutting the upper corner of the triangle to measured lengths."

Just a trim, please.



"Anything in the papers to-day, dear?"

## SPONSORS' CHOICE

An Open Letter to the Postmaster General

DEAR LORD DE LA WARR,—I know you must be worried enough already about this sponsored radio business, and I really didn't intend to bother you at all. Actually I began by writing to *The Times*, but with so many other people doing the same thing my letter apparently got overlooked. When the correspondence seemed to have died down I cut out all the letters and sent them to my grocer with a cheque for twenty-three-and-nine. By the same post I sent Sir William Haley a small bill from Messrs. Bakin, which his secretary was good enough to return to me; but by the time that awkwardness had settled itself I felt that Sir William might possibly regard me as unbalanced, so I am writing to you instead.

I see from my paper that you don't think much of the Light Programme. I don't think much of the Light Programme either, and if any sponsoring is to be done I hope you will see that it is done on 247 and 1500 metres. If you could just get a rich manufacturer to take over *Mrs. Dale's Diary* from you it ought to save you about a million a year, and the bits where the man has to say "If you want a mind as woolly as Mrs. Dale's, be sure you wash it only with Woollo" could easily be worked into the dialogue by having a traveller come to the door every now and then, which could easily happen in real life and ought to offend no one.

However, in the spaces between the broadcasts of *Mrs. Dale's Diary* you get another kind of programme. This is the one that goes: *Now the next record has been requested by Mrs. Daisy Bell of Barking, whose birthday it is to-day. Many happy returns, Mrs. Bell! Also requesting this record are Tom, Dick and Barry of No. 789 Field Candlestickmaking, R.A.S.C., in Korea; Mr. and Mrs. Gleep, of Dleep Avenue, Streep; Muang Wongpai and Tuang Wongpai of 'iam (hello, twins!); Three Browned-off Airmen of—*but I'm sure I need not go on.

If I may just make a point here, when you pick up your *Times* in the morning you are not faced by a front page bearing, here, a picture of a man in a Boy Scout hat who has just found a tin of his favourite tobacco down the crater of Vesuvius, and there a girl who has been given a contract to design a battleship, thanks to Sleepo night and morning. What you get is the row upon row of little jobs at a few shillings a line.

Do you see? *The next record has been sponsored by Inferior Chemicals, Ltd., who are skipping their dividend for the tenth year running. Best of luck, shareholders! Also sponsoring this record are the manufacturers of Briak, Flib and Smum; the Grand Caribbean Steamship Company; Swiftsure Motors, Ltd.; Dulcie & Cie., Modes et Robes; The Daily Telephone; the Railway Executive (in connection with their scheme for cheap excursions to Cardiff before five o'clock in the morning); Pearlsine Toothpaste; and the International Atlantic*



"Well, is this one a bus stop, a request stop, a police stop, a traffic-lights stop, or a zebra stop?"

and Pacific Insurance Corporation. Here, then, for all our sponsors, is "The Moo-Cow Moan," sung to you to-day by Harry Gulp.

Let no one tell you that there would be no listening public for such a programme. Millions of listeners sit with bated breath every morning to hear the same records requested by different people—perhaps even by themselves, though they must know the odds against their getting a request played are tremendous. Listeners will go to extreme lengths to have their records put on, and if the floating of a small company were a step towards this goal they would go into it with hardly a moment's hesitation.

They might even purchase some ex-British Road Services lorries and start a haulage company, and that would get another Ministry out of a difficult situation.

B. A. YOUNG

## LES REVENANTS

ON either side of *Mon Repos*  
Are haunted gardens, ghostly glades,  
Where phantom figures come and go  
At dusk amid the shades.

And ever and anon they stop  
Their fretful pacing to and fro,  
And having paused awhile to mop  
Proceed again to mow. E. V. MILNER

## ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR DETECTIVE AGENCIES

or Six Door-Peeephole Mfrs

THOSE who read on will find that the sub-title amplifies rather than qualifies the information given in the main heading.

Fritz S. Hofheimer, of 28 East 22nd Street, New York, believed to be an American, specializes in the supply of names and addresses to advertisers, for whose convenience he has grouped the names on his list under their occupational categories and issued a catalogue showing the number in each category. This catalogue (or catalog, as Mr. Hofheimer amusingly calls it) should be opened and scanned by those into whose hands it falls, for it gives as clear and concise a picture of what America is doing to-day as ever Mr. John Gunther achieved.

There are 10,815 Reputable Stamp Collectors in Mr. Hofheimer's files. There may be more even than this great total up and down the United States, though I rather doubt it. Mr. Hofheimer makes no claim to complete omniscience; he simply states what he has got and you can take it or leave it. But a man who has dug up 87 Bee Appliance Mfrs, 32 Caviar Merchants and 76 clergymen of the Syrian Orthodox Church is not likely to have let many reputable philatelists escape his net. I shall act on the assumption that we have here, in this quiet, unpretentious catalog, a true, almost a photographic representation of the great heart-beat of America at work and play.

What sort of picture emerges? Is it a balanced economy that presents itself as we read steadily on from Abattoirs (275) to Zoological Gardens (34)? Only a balanced economist could answer that. The casual inquirer, searching for a formula to equate 16 De-alcoholizers with 362 Whiskey Distillers, soon loses his way in a maze of cross-currents. Why, for instance, are only seven firms at work making Cymbals, as against nineteen making Presidents' Desks and no fewer than twenty-six constructing Cypress Doors? There are 1,019 Dance Bands, who must get through a good many cymbals in a year, whereas a heavy demand for Presidents' desks is inexplicable. No Presidents (very properly in election year) are listed in the catalog. One suspects that some of the 1,763 College Deans are sitting at desks beyond their station.

I cannot resist the conclusion that the cypress-door business is seriously overcrowded.

The total of 787,000 Teen-agers will come as no surprise to those who have already seen the photographs of most of them in glossy magazines, but there may be raised eyebrows over the figure of 14,000 Driving Thinkers of To-day—particularly, perhaps, among the 14,187 Newly-appointed Top Executives. If the odd 187 care to bring a test case for libel, they will be able, one is glad to see, to choose any of 6,923 Eminent Counsel to present their case before one of the 500 Judges (Top)—who appear sandwiched so oddly between 42,500 Journalists and 7,725 Junk Dealers.

The risk of libel actions, indeed, must bulk large amongst Mr. Hofheimer's many problems. Suppose I am a Disappearing Bed Mfr and, anxious to get a jump ahead of my 28 rivals, I ask Mr. Hofheimer for the names and addresses of his 40,000 "Families Which Entertain," so that I can point out to them the advantages of being able to offer a disappearing bed to unexpected visitors. What are the feelings of Mrs. Scholtz, who hasn't received one of my circulars, when she is shown one by Mrs. Mulhammer, who has? Is she to be branded publicly as a meanie? I shall be obliged if Mr. Hofheimer will take time off from counting Clam Juice Mfrs and tell me the answer to this one.

He could also tell me how many demands he has per annum for his list of Door-Peeephole Mfrs. I can see that it might well be useful to have the addresses of his 248 Choirs Singing in the German Language. One could hope to interest them, for instance, in German songs. But in what way can one appeal to a door-peeephole mfr? What does he want, *qua* mfr of door-peeepholes, except a hole in a door and a piece of glass of approximately the same size? One could offer, of course, to put him in touch with 1,394 Detective Agencies—but then Mr. Hofheimer himself does that.

I should dearly love to browse about in Mr. Hofheimer's old correspondence files. He makes no mistakes now, no doubt; but in the early days, when he was building up the business, there must surely have been a slip or two to explain away:

*Dear Mr. Hofheimer,—In the batch of 109 Episcopalian Bishops you sent me last month you appear to have included three Dude Ranches and a Holy Roller. As a result, a number of my sample hassocks have been returned with obloquy. Please go through the 652 Independent Fundamentalists ordered Tuesday with a fine-tooth comb, to avoid similar embarrassments in future.*

No doubt they have a good laugh at 28 East 22nd Street nowadays, when one of the staff happens on some such old skeleton in the cupboard and reads out Mr. Hofheimer's marginal note: "Send him 3 doz. Theological Colleges, for free, with my comps."

Intending emigrants to the States may like to make a note of the following not yet overcrowded professions:

Distorting Mirror Makers (5)  
Lie Detector Mfrs (2)  
Lion Farm (1)  
Planetarium Mfr (1)

Mr. Hofheimer can also supply the names and addresses of "8,000 Actresses in New York (all kind)." He doesn't say how kind. H. F. ELLIS





THE QUEEN'S COLOUR



## Notes for an Indian Summer

that most foreigners would find our Memory Man a pretty tiresome bird.

But all this is by the way; I merely wished to draw attention to my own peculiar skill as a sporting meteorographer. Ask me what was the rainfall in any one of the past twenty-odd summers and I can produce the answer, after referring

mentally to my batting average, within half an inch. The summer of 1934 (average 6.4) was hot and dry; so was 1935 (average 7.2). But 1936 was terrible, and so was 1946, and in both these seasons we were visited by the Indian cricketers.

ONE of the most remarkable turns on my wireless set is that of a gentleman who entertains by exhibiting an encyclopaedic knowledge of the facts of sporting history. He is known as "The Memory Man," and I would back him in open competition against all the elephants in Burma. Ask him some such question as "How many times did Suzanne Lenglen appear at Wimbledon and how often did she win there in straight sets?" or "What was the score at half-time in Arsenal's home game with Huddersfield Town in 1928?" or "What is the highest number of runs ever scored by a left-handed batsman in August at Old Trafford?" and he trots out the answer as smartly and as accurately as a weighing-machine.

His performances succeed, I think, because most male listeners have a similar, though of course less highly developed, flair for the subject. Nine men out of ten in Britain have heads stuffed with the statistics and memorabilia of sport, and are proud of it. We remember the pages of *Wiiden* far more easily than birthdays, umbrellas, arithmetic tables and dates: we remember old scores (if I may be smug for a moment) far more readily than we remember old scores, and I suspect

In 1936 the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram led his team through some of the wettest wickets on record. In 1946 the Nawab of Pataudi captained the last "All India" team (before Partition) in a summer of dismal swamps. Pataudi's men, you may remember, ran into dirty weather and trouble as soon as they landed. Their baggage was delayed, they had to make an overnight dash for Worcester, they had to field (though they won the toss) in intense cold, and they lost the match by sixteen runs.

This season V. S. Hazare's team travelled to Worcester in more leisurely fashion and properly equipped for the fray, but they were greeted with three days of rain and

mist. Then they returned to London, and against Surrey at the Oval lost what was in effect their first match. Not a very encouraging start for a team that had won their first Test Match (at the twenty-first attempt) only a few months earlier in sunny Madras.

The Indians are not accustomed, as we are, to cricket played on the floor of a muddy aquarium, and they seldom give of their best when swaddled in three layers of sweater. In India cricket is played when the weather is settled, dry and hot—in winter.

In Australia Test Matches are often held up by torrential rains and hailstones ("hailstones as big as golf balls"); in the West Indies scorers have been known to make such dramatic entries as "Cyclone Stopped Play" and "Match Abandoned—Hurricane"; and even in South Africa there is always the possibility of a game's being interrupted by a cloudburst. But not in India. There, so I am told, things are



arranged so well that the season begins dead on time, a few days after the monsoons have blown themselves out. In India play is never interrupted by anything less sensational than riots, earthquakes ("I saw some of the vast crowd

rushing out of the ground," Lord Tennyson, the old Hampshire and England captain, has reported, "and the pavilion clock at the same time fell to the ground with a bang, and all the buildings seemed to be shaking. I thought I had a touch

crossed like sticks of barley sugar. Well, I have been disappointed: the Indian batsmen exhibit few idiosyncrasies of style, their method is business-like, efficient and economical, and they get their runs without resorting to brute force or

excessive ebullience of stroke-play. No batsmen in the world can get out more decorously: even when their stumps are uprooted the spectator is left with the impression that the stroke attempted was unquestionably the right one for the occasion and would have been faultless in execution.

The Indian bowlers are equally surprising. One would expect the gorgeous, mysterious East to specialize in

outrageous, snake-charming spin, to traffic in googlies, "chinamen" and complex oriental developments thereof. But no; there are no Fleetwood-Smiths, Iversons, Ramadhins or Comptons in this team. Phadkar, Ramchand, Divecha and company bowl good length stuff (or good just-short-of-a-length stuff) that may or may not do "a little either way," and is patterned on the type of projectiles hurled at Old Trafford on the first morning of a "Roses" match. No funny business.

To understand Indian cricket we have to realize that it has achieved Test Match status in an era of tall scores and public adulation of tall scorers. Between 1932, when the first official Test was played, and 1946 the Indians only twice managed to score three hundred runs in an

innings against England, and failed to win a game. Then against Australia in 1947-48 they averaged only about 190 runs per innings, while the great Bradman hit their bowlers for 178.75 per knock off his own bat. Is it any wonder that the Indians should have resolved, after these tribulations, to cut out the fancy stuff, scorn delights and live laborious days? And is it altogether surprising that their batting, on the evidence of last winter's series in India when they notched totals of 418, 485 (for nine), 344 and 457 (for nine) against England, should now be so much stronger than their bowling?

Or am I talking nonsense? It may well be that this first Test of the season (only four Tests this time) will prove the critics hopelessly wrong. Is Indian cricket—like ours—suffering from a dearth of amateur dash and experiment? Is cricket everywhere bound to deteriorate as economic egalitarianism puts a premium on "closed shop" methods and journeyman stolidity? Or has the M.C.C.'s admirable coaching book already arrested the decline?

Leeds or "The Memory Man" should provide the answers.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



of the sun . . ."), plagues of locusts, marauding jackals, man-eating tigers, and bad light caused by circling vultures.

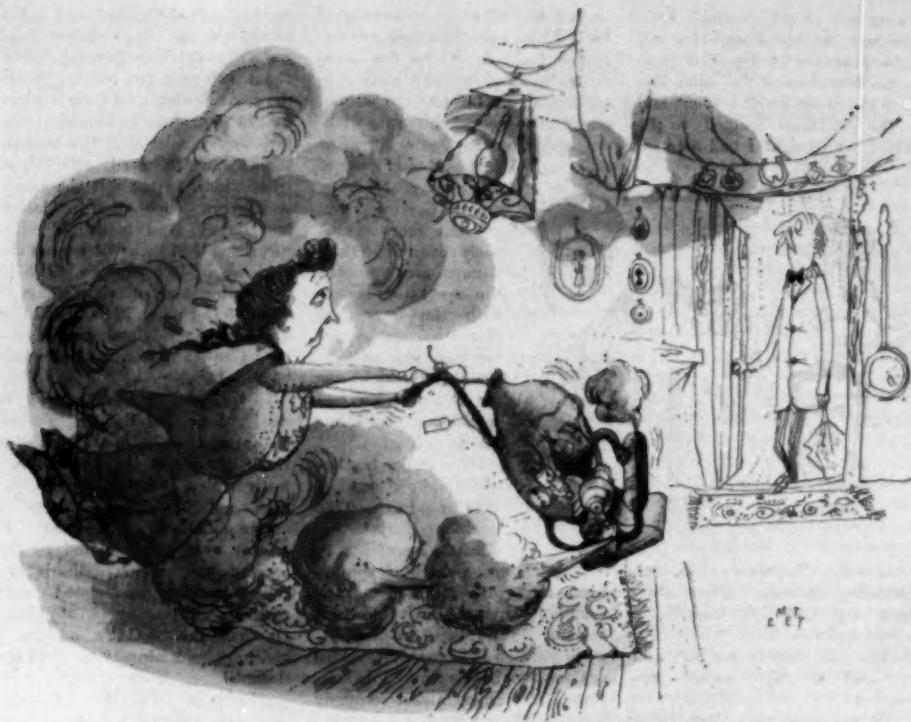
All their winters are hot and dry, and all their wickets are bone-hard.

We must remember these things when we attempt to review the tourists' progress to date and examine their prospects for the first Test.

It has been said that the Indians are strong silent men who take their cricketing pleasures unemotionally and their misfortunes without batting an eyelid, that they play neatly and grammatically, always "down the line" and according to the book, and for the most part I agree with this verdict. Divecha delighted me at Lord's when he threw down his cap—almost with the panache of Cecil Parkin—to register disgust and frustration at the flooring of a catch, and Mantri pleased me with a courteous bow to a hoarse barracker, but these incidents are, as yet, exceptional. I expected Hazare's men to bat with something of the sinuous, agile grace of "Ranji"—all curves and subtle deflections, late cuts played so late that the bat threatens first slip's ear and leg glances played with the legs

Folly Ratanji Umrigar





"... and I said 'And, anyway, we haven't electric light,' and he said 'Don't worry, there's a special model'..."

## TYCOON

THE public-house was in that part of the City where a wandering shopper, attracted by windows full of miscellaneous bargains, is at once rebuffed by the announcement "Wholesale Only." It was almost empty, because the hour for lunches, wet or dry, was really over, but the heavy, waxy-faced man had the aura of success which dissolves such little difficulties; the confidence with which he planted himself in a chair made his companion, a slight, rabbit-like man, seem more insignificant than ever, though he perked up a little on being introduced to the waitress, rather grandly, as "My friend, Mr. Mesh, a brother salesman." When the woman murmured a perfunctory welcome, craning

inelegantly to reach some used crockery, the heavy man landed her a casual wallop, and compared her blouse to an Arsenal shirt. The jest was obviously a recurring one; all she said, as she handed a stained menu-card, was "Mr. Baxter, really."

"What about a bit o' plaice," said the heavy man. "That do you, Mr. Mesh?"

"Very nice, I'm sure." He gave his full and respectful attention to the other's every word. "Very nice indeed."

"Makes brains, they say, fish."

"Heh-heh," said the rabbit.

Mr. Baxter laughed heartily himself, but after dismissing the waitress with a jerk of the thumb he

became resolutely grave. A bit of tomfoolery was all very well, his expression seemed to say, but life in the main was earnest. He leaned forward.

"Like I was saying... 'elp you if I can, a pleasure. But I mean to say, to be quite candid, there's more ways than one to fill an empty order-book, actually speaking, if you follow me. There's firms—"

"My difficulty," began Mr. Mesh, "is I don't seem—"

"There's firms and firms, that's what it is. Call for different tactics. That's my what you might call secret of success, see!" He glanced cautiously round the empty room and lowered his voice a shade. "Take them 'Ousehold Cavalry at



ninepence." He shrugged hugely and made a gesture of contempt with a big red hand. "Well, I mean, actually speaking, I mean, to be quite candid—what are they! At ninepence, I mean?"

"That's right," said Mr. Mesh. "I couldn't seem—"

"I mean, ninepence! Makes selling hard work. Then there was the American G.I.s, mine-detectors, bazookas, all that. I mean, suppose you're bashing out a thousand dozen at a gross a week. Well, I know they're unbreakable, colour don't lick off, good selling points, throw 'em on the floor and they bounce, kids don't get colic and that; but at twenty-four-and-six, where are you? Candidly, I mean?"

"Nowhere," said Mr. Mesh, rather boldly.

"I won't say nowhere," said Baxter, leaning over sideways to allow for the arrival of his plice. "But you could be, if you didn't get after it, follow me?"

"Oh yes," said the other. "But it's a—"

"Plaice all right? Good. Not that you'll get any appreciation, don't think that." Mr. Baxter had a lucky knack of talking and eating simultaneously. "Know what they said to me when I'd unloaded all them cheap mechanicals—four dozen gross I bashed out at nineteen and nine—know what they said? 'Of course,' they said—'of course, you've got a nice little territory, you're lucky.' I told them. 'Lucky my foot,' I said. 'Nice little territory my Aunt Freda,' I said. 'There wasn't no talk about nice little territories when Arthur Wassaname was trying to unload them moving-eye golliwogs.' Got to stand up to 'em, I mean."

"My difficulty," said Mr. Mesh—but embarrassment with a fish-bone lost him his chance.

"Got to speak straight," said Mr. Baxter, laying his knife and fork neatly on the edge of his plate. "Then, of course, when I bashed out all them Mamma dolls at 'arf-a-crown, great ugly things that you look at and they chip, I never heard no more about nice little territories—nor didn't want to, come to that. Two teas, Edna!"

"What about demonstratin'?" said the rabbit man, anxiously. "I had some two-inch reversing tractions—"

"Cuh!" said Baxter. "That's Sedge, that is. Don't know 'e's born, Sedge don't. Reversing tractions, now. Put 'em in at fifteen bob, I said, or they'll never go. He's still got three shelves of 'em downstairs with the full mark on, eighteen and fivepence. We-e-ll, I mean!"

"I thought of—"

"What were you bashing out last month, 'Umpty-dumpties, was it?"

"Comielowns," said Mesh, without more than ordinary embarrassment.

"Come again?"

"With a face on, and they open up bigger and bigger, twenty-five and eleven."

"Oh them," said Baxter. "Comielowns, eh?" He arranged his lips into a supercilious O, and bulged his tongue in his cheek slightly. "How many did you sell? I bashed out twenty-two gross, all round Acton, Ealing, the Bush."

"A box and a half," said Mesh, and went off into a weak coughing fit.

"No, I'm a liar," said Baxter. "It was twenty-eight gross I did. Must have been thinking of the wheelbarrows. Well, well. Box and a half, eh? Gross a box, weren't they?" He transferred his tongue to the other cheek and lifted his cup, fingers delicately fanned.

Mr. Mesh said: "What I find, see, is that when I call on—"

"Tell you another thing," said Baxter. "Got to make yourself a flaming nuisance, see! Cuh! Makes me sick to hear some of our secker-tarial boys on the 'phone. 'Old man' this and 'Old man' that, and 'Could you oblige us,' and ending up with 'All the best, old chap.' Blimey, you want to get on the blower and say 'Now, look 'ere!'" He took up a large and defunct pepper-mill and held it to his ear by way of illustration. "'Now, look 'ere,' you want to say—the van'll be there at ten, we're paying the driver time, we want 'im loaded and back 'ere by dinner, got it?' That's what you want to say."

"Together or separate?" said the waitress, swinging her bill-pad on its string.

There was a slight pause. Then: "Er—together," said Mr. Mesh.

"Very kind, but not obliged to," said Baxter, getting up and taking down his hat from a snapped-off peg. He made no move, however, to take the forked slip from Mr. Mesh's plate, being, in fact, occupied in aiming another wallop at the waitress.

She side-stepped and said, mechanically, "Pay in the bar."

"Ought to be playing for Arsenal in that blouse," said Mr. Baxter, leading the way out.

"Heh-heh," said Mr. Mesh, hollowly.

"Heigh-ho," said Baxter, and thumped his chest. "Very greasy, them chips. But I mean, actually speaking, I mean, to tell you the candid truth..."

The swing-door of the bar closed behind them. J. B. BOOTHROYD



ROY DAVIS

"The crowd heard the man read the following proclamation:—'Oglaigh na hEireann, H.Q., Tyrone Brigade—Irishmen and Irishwomen, once again our country is calling us to her flag, and to arms, to drive the invader from her shores. Years of disappointments have taught us that the full freedom of our country cannot be achieved by constitutional means."

'Conciliation has failed; force alone remains.'—*Irish Times*

Knockabout stuff, eh?



*"It's their simplicity that I envy."*

## LONDON WELSH

**O** WHAT a singing there was in Kensington that night  
When the Welsh met together in London at the Albert Hall,  
When the big choir  
Specially chosen for the occasion  
(And Myfanwy Pugh not considered good enough at that!)

The women in lavender nighties and the men in red ties  
Sang with the orchestra;  
And the conductor there  
Like a little black fly on a brass-railed pedestal  
Hopping about  
Lifting a wave of sound on the point of his finger—  
Man, we liked that! Man, it was home from home!

And me far up in the Gods (and feeling like one),  
Grand Tier they call it,  
Surrounded by Joneses, Williamses, Pughs and Vaughans  
All criticizing the music  
Comparing it with the locals in Bettws, but clapping  
Not so much for the praise but to be together in something

Rhythmically—  
Next best to singing;  
And Myfanwy Pugh beside me  
Crying her eyes out for not being chosen to sing  
But happy as well if you follow me—  
Man, there was real emotion! Man, it was home from home!

And after it all, as I stood outside on the pavement,  
I saw how we'd all flowed in from the streets to that great pool

Like rivers run down from the mountains rejoicing  
To a lake of affection and memories;  
Till there, with the lights through the darkness  
The lift of the voices departing in my ears  
And the music inside me,  
There I was, man, back twenty years on the hillside,  
The remembered cottages each in its place through the mist

And London nowhere at all.  
And *The Times* next day was cool and lordly about it  
Not understanding,  
But London was Cymru that night—  
Man, it was home from home!

## SNAX AT JAX

X

"TAKE old Brooky," suggested the surveyor's chainman, pointing to the south-east. "Clear case of physician."

"Come again?" urged Jack, looking briefly south-east, but noting nothing beyond the soft-drink calendar, the bathing-blond on which gazed defiantly back.

"Eal thyself," expanded the chainman. "Old Brooky."

"Ah," said Jack. "Down round Four Kings Road, up the back there?"

"You got me," said the chainman, nodding. "Gardener. Well, landscapes and that lark. Landscape gardener. Got a lay-out."

"Yer, in 'is front," said Jack. "Weert, *side more*—eh?"

The chainman considered. "Ah," he qualified. "Their fronts are mostly sides up there. That 'ill and the road goin' round. Anyway, this bloke. We was measurin' up there this mornin' and me standin' outside 'is fence, he comes over and says 'D'you reckon gnomes or don't you?' he says. 'They all want gnomes,' he says, 'and them concrete mushrooms.' I said 'Well, it's a matter of taste, gnomes. Quite nice really.' 'I ate gnomes,' he says. 'Only I've got to advertise. I could 'ave them climbin' up this rustic arch.'"

Jack lifted the lid of a glass cylinder and began to insert little towers of circular biscuits.

"That rustic stuff," he commented. "Old Charlie Barker 'ad one of them benches in that. New, and he goes and puts this varnish on. 'Ot day, and his missus comes back shopping and 'Very nice, Charlie,' she says, and sits down. Old Charlie couldn't stop 'er. Cor starvin' Annie; fuss she made. Year I bought Charlie's motor-bike, that was."

"Oh ya?" said the chainman, sampling all the cruet and looking vaguely round.

Jack pushed over the tomato- and fruit-sauce bottles.

"Compliments of the 'ouse," he announced.

"I 'ate gnomes,' he says," repeated the chainman. "Funny. You'd think he'd make 'is mind up. But no. 'Then goldfish,' he says."

"Don't say 'e 'ates goldfish too," protested Jack.

"No, funny thing," said the chainman. "He had these goldfish in that pond, only it seems the local kids come in one day and chucked a lot of lead pellets in the pond. These fish snapped 'em up and sunk."

There was a brief, respectful silence.

"Gorblimey, innit all right, eh?" said Jack gloomily. "Destructive."

The chainman pounded up the fruit sauce with his mashed potatoes.

"Carnelp laughin', though," he observed, shaking his head sadly and slowly screwing on the bottle top.

"Be all right if I bring your Fruit Crumble now?" asked Jack. "Save me keep running back and forward."

The chainman agreed lumpily.

"Talk of old Charlie," called Jack from the kitchen. "Funny, I sold 'im that bike back after the war same price I give 'im."

"Course, you 'ad it laid up," pointed out the chainman, bending his knife to let no trace of gravy escape.

"Ere you are," said Jack, switching the plates. "Crumble, fruit, for the use of."

The chainman flourished his spoon.

"You never want to've done that," he said. "See old Charlie now. Got a car on the strength of it. Just a few judicial swops."

"Hoo, don't I know!" cried Jack. "That car. Radio, 'e's got. Wind-tone horns. De-mister."

"Coupla fog lamps," litanized the chainman. "Heater. Got it done up lovely."

Jack looked skyward and closed his eyes. His eyeballs moved under the closed lids like tortoises under a carpet.

"Hoo," he groaned, "when I think of it."

He snapped back into action, jerking his thumb in the assumed general direction of Charlie.

"Trailer. He's got a trailer," he said. "Dear, oh blimey. I never rose to a sidecar even."

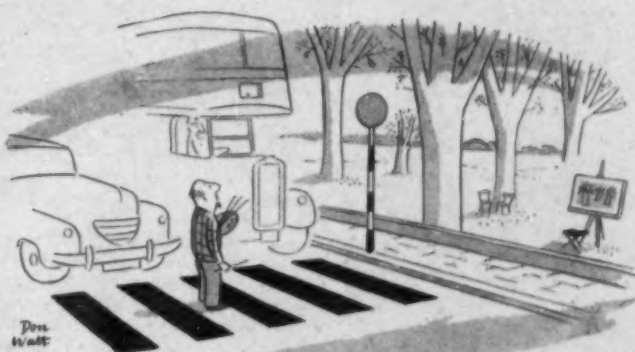
The chainman prepared to go, amassing his links and winding up his tape-reel till it squeaked internally.

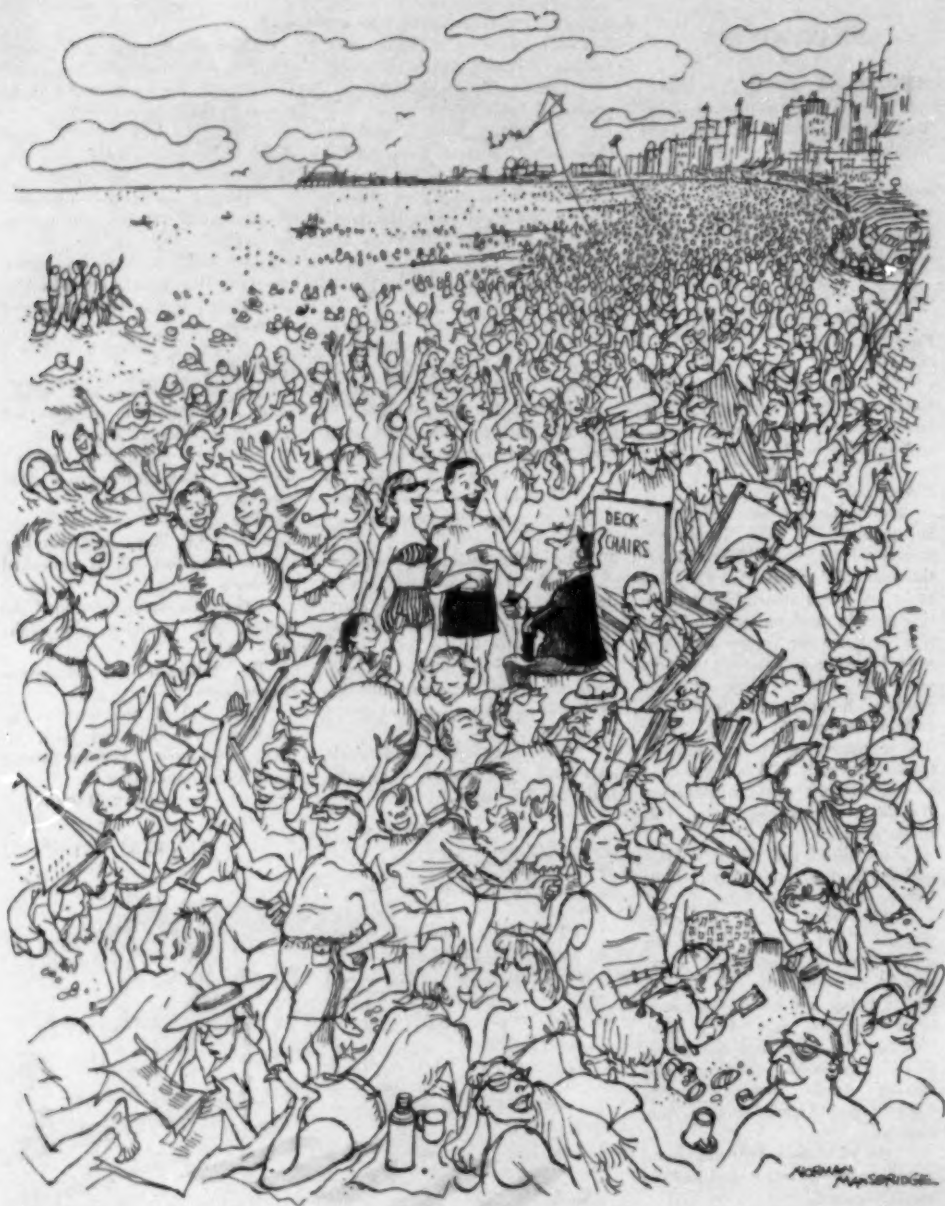
"Back to the grindstone," he sighed. "Or theodolite, you might say."

He collected his miniature rugger-posts.

"Oh, and all the best to old Brooky when you get back up there," said Jack. "Tell 'im I don't want no gnomes either."

ALAN HACKNEY





*"You remember us? We were here last year."*



**A** FROWN of intense concentration appeared on Manley's face. He stared at the book he was reading, and Clara, watching him apprehensively as she sometimes did, saw that he went back and read the same piece again. Then he leaned back and shut his eyes. Giving her an uncertain glance, he returned to his book for a moment and read the same part once more. His lips moved. After this he stared at the wall several feet above Clara's head. Slowly his hand revolved in the air, about half a circle. His eyes flickered at Clara uneasily again. His hand began another revolution.

"What's the matter with you?" Clara asked. She tried to put a sympathetic curiosity in her voice, for she knew by the signs that he was in some sort of mental impasse.

Manley smiled rather glassily at her. "With me? Nothing," he said. He whistled a few bars faintly. In two or three seconds his hand again began a stealthy circle. Clara looked up again. He was gritting his teeth.

"What's all this hand signalling?" she said. "What are you doing?"

"Reading," said Manley. There was a slight tinge of desperation, she thought, in his voice. His hand was still raised in that furtive, turning movement.

"You're turning something," Clara said. "What is it you're turning?"

"A handle," Manley said, defiantly. "Only it won't turn. The haft, or shaft, won't, I mean."

"What's wrong with it?" Clara said. She eyed him speculatively.

"It's rubbery," said Manley. He laughed, as if it wasn't important, but the sound was mirthless. "It's spongy. Whenever I turn it, it just lets the handle go round, but it won't turn itself." He searched for a phrase. "Like elastic," he said, "or soft toffee."

"What's this the handle of?" Clara asked.

"This actual handle is on a barrel organ," Manley said. "That's the one I started turning. It went rubbery. The one I was turning just now was a gramophone handle. That went limp as well. The shaft did, I mean."

## A DEFECTIVE IMAGINATION (WITH BRASS HANDLES)

"Let's get this clear," Clara said patiently, because she could see he was tense about it. "What started all this?" He tapped the book. "It's in here," he said. "It's describing the scene from Harkness's window—you know, when he runs away and comes to London. It says a man was playing a barrel organ. Well, I was imagining everything all right till I came to the barrel organ. When I imagine that, the straight part, the part the handle's fixed to, won't turn round. It goes soft."

"It can't," said Clara, "they're metal."

"I know that," Manley said. "It mentions it's brass. But it goes soft." "What happens?" Clara said. "It all winds itself up into a sort of coiled cone, like a rope," Manley said. He laughed again, a dry noise. "I straightened it out and started again, but it was just as rubbery. So I thought of another handle and tried that. The gramophone handle. It was just as soft. It won't even start turning round." He leaned forward and gazed at her. "Look," he said, gripping his fingers round a handle, "I start at six o'clock and I get the handle round to nine o'clock. Even in that distance there's a bow in the shaft thing. It's sagging down in the middle." He shifted in his chair. "A sort of sickle shape," he said.

Clara regarded him gravely for a moment.

"Try it again," she said. "Let's do it systematically. Now—imagine a barrel organ." He nodded. "Now the handle. It's a new one," she said inspired, "just been fitted. Good for years of wear." Manley had shut his eyes again. "Now, along you come, get hold of the handle and turn it. Very slowly. Clockwise."

Manley opened his eyes. "It's no good," he said. "It's gone soft already. It just looks straight because it's hanging down from the centre."

"Try anti-clockwise," Clara suggested. "It's the same," Manley said, with a kind of groan. They sat

for a few minutes. "I suppose you can imagine it all right?" Manley said, hopefully. Clara imagined. "I can stop it half-way round and make it go the other way," she said. His face fell. Clara felt maternal and treacherous at the same time.

"Let's try it again," she said, brightly. "We'll use another sort of handle—a big one." She scoured for handles. "I know," she said, "a lock gate. A great, cast-iron handle. It takes two men to wind it round. The lock keeper has to have assistance from a man off the barge."

"Narrow boat," said Manley. Clara swallowed. "All right," she said, "off the narrow boat. Right. They're standing there. Everything's normal. The lock gates are shut. They're cooking a meal on the bar—narrow boat. It's raining slightly, but looks as if it will clear up."

"What's all this detail?" asked Manley in an aggrieved voice. "I'm quite capable of imagining a lock gate, thank you."

Clara glared at him. "I'm



"How many more of these Information jokes are we going to see?"

trying to get everything as normal as possible," she said. "You don't think rubbery handles on everything are normal, do you? If it's all ordinary, perhaps the handle will turn out to be more normal too."

"All right," Manley said. "I've got these two men on the handle." He made an effort. "They're ordinary chaps. The lock keeper's William Smith and the other one is Fred Robinson."

"And you wouldn't recognize either of them if you saw them again," Clara said. Manley screwed up his eyes. "Ready," he said.

"Go!" said Clara.

Manley's face contorted. Then

he went limp in his chair. "It's no good," he said, in despair. "They just pushed it straight round—the handle, I mean. The shaft got curved and longer. The hub didn't move at all."

"I bet that was a bit of a surprise for old Fred Robinson," said Clara, and laughed at the expression on Manley's face.

He said, furiously, "It's no laughing matter. It's a serious thing. Some mental barrier. Laughing!"

Clara glared angrily back. "We'll have another try," she said, through her teeth. "I'll make you see a handle turning if it's the last

thing I do. A mincing machine." She clenched her hands. "This time we'll try another method. I'll be mincing. I'm mincing on a mincing machine with a handle of the hardest steel known to man. There's less play in the handle than on any other mincing machine on the market. It's for export. There's only one of its kind in the world so far. I'm mincing on it. I'm sitting there mincing. I can hear you coming through to the kitchen." She fixed him with a terrific stare. "You come in. I'm mincing." She pounced. "What's the handle doing?"

"Making a spiral," said Manley, breathing hard, "and stretching."

"What's the matter with you?" Clara cried. "It's turning perfectly well. I can imagine it all right."

"I can't help it!" Manley shouted back. "I've never thought about imagining it before."

Clara's voice was dreamy. "I'm imagining fifteen mincing machines," she said. "All turning. Some clockwise, some anti-clockwise. Different shapes. Different sizes. Fast and slow."

"Virtuoso!" snarled Manley.

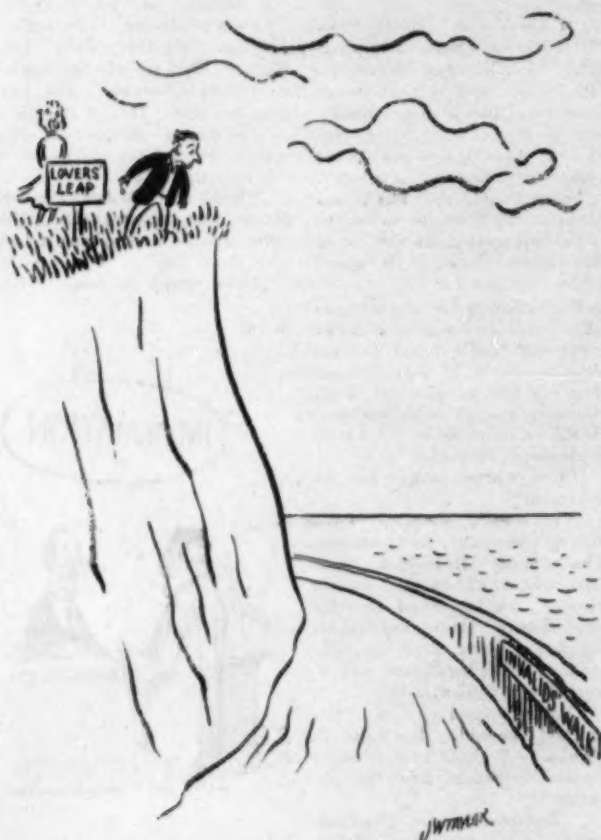
Clara felt sorry. She smiled at him. "What does it matter anyway!" she said. "You don't have to imagine the barrel organ. It doesn't play any part in Harkness's story. Why don't you ignore it and read on! I'll make a cup of tea."

Manley brightened. "That's true," he said. "What's a barrel organ more or less?"

He took up the book. Clara went out to make the tea. When she opened the door with a tray, Manley was half-way through a rotating movement with his feet, his eyes closed again.

"What now?" Clara said, her lips compressing.

"It's Harkness," said Manley, in a strangled voice. "He's riding a bicycle. I can't make the pedals go round."



J. W. M.

"MEAT HELD UP  
BY RED TAPE"  
Daily Mail

Butchers hit by steel shortage!



## TRAINEE

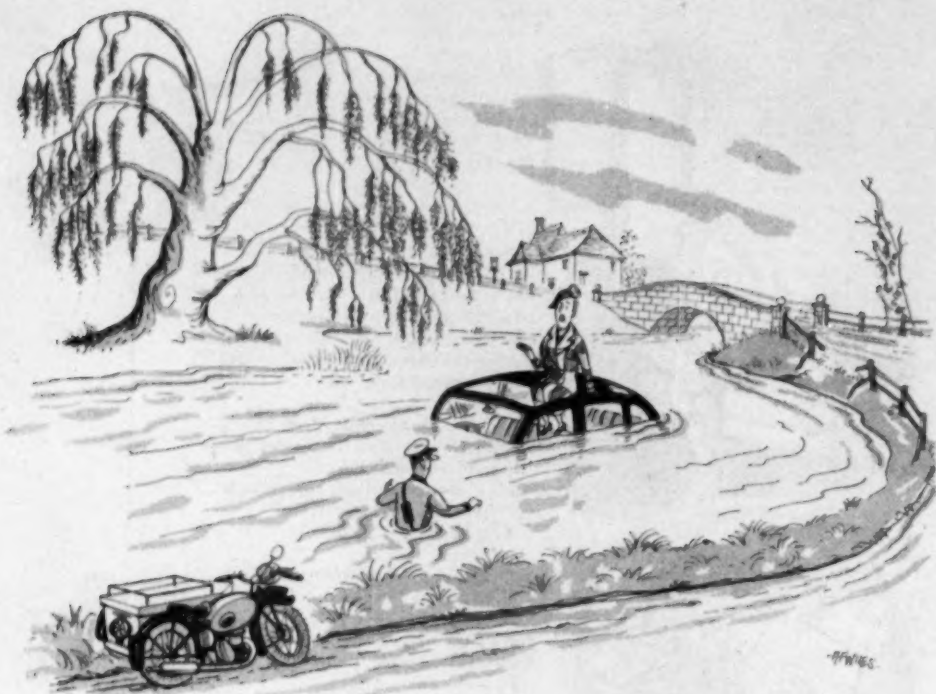
A TEXTBOOK propped at either side,  
A pert, cap-tilted brow applied  
To homework on his knees,  
This pink-faced twin of all small boys  
Ignores the railway's frenzied noise  
And eccentricities.

Faced with an algebraic chore  
He should have done the night before  
Impassively he works,  
While a demented coach swings back  
And forth upon a crazy track  
With paralysing jerks.

And doubtless his posterity  
Will gain from his ability  
To write in such a place,  
For all the actions of this train  
Anticipate a rocket 'plane  
In inter-stellar space

Where, as his progeny career  
Schoolwards across the stratosphere,  
They'll probably require  
Some of the nicely balanced skill  
That dear old British Railways will  
Have taught their earthbound sire.





*"I think it's only fair to tell you I'm not a member."*

### BE AWARE OF YOUR CLOTHES

*With acknowledgments to any women's periodical*

**C**HOOSING clothes for the man whose figure is just—shall we say verging!—on the WX is still the problem it always has been to those of us who are inclined to be guided by the illustrated advertisements. We are so apt, let's be candid, to feel that, while we are seldom just about to leave for the races or to board an air liner for New York, we can still wear the new waistline—the waistline that is the foundation for the man who can stand against a balustrade at the country club without his jacket flying up at the back round his ears and rucking at the collar.

Well—most of us can't. We have to contrive our own waistlines.

But there is no need to make this as obvious as so many of us, in comical dismay, do. We are not catered for; but surely we can cater for ourselves, by a wise building up of the styles that are—apparently as an afterthought—still available.

It pays to forget the waistline completely. This is not to say that one should order a new lounge suit built on severe up-and-down lines, but rather that one should make sure that button meets button-hole and that the "stretch" round the back is not too obvious.

The hang of the coat is a prime consideration; and while we can do little about "incline"—the drop in the front which even the most

sympathetic tailor cannot hide—that broad look can be minimized by making certain that the coat is moulded to the places where fullness is less noticeable. This has the effect of drawing the critical eye—the onlooker as you climb into the rear seat of a small car, or the result of a badly chosen entrance into one's wife's afternoon bridge party—away from those places where even the cleverest cutter is helpless.

So much has been written about colours and accentuation—and much of it nonsense—that it is sufficient here to say that naturals are probably the best choice. The hue value of a suit, for instance, serves its purpose if it attracts



attention to itself and away from the slightly full figure. But care should be taken by the man who has gone boldly for distraction values lest he stand, however negligently, against a background with a clashing motif. This will not only throw up any weakness there may be in proportions but may even make the man himself a landmark in the room. (What a pity it is that we can't carry around with us our own backcloths!)

Stripes should, if one insists on them, be perpendicular, if possible parallel, and the same shade. The well-proportioned man who seeks to walk along the pavement of a busy street and glance apparently casually at himself in shop windows must remember that his view is one-sided and very often focused against kindly shadows. One advises the bold if private facing up to the mirror in one's bedroom, perhaps, for the sake of atmosphere, the holding of a cocktail glass in one's hand, or the indulgence in a few telling gestures in pantomime.

This is almost a "must" where sleeveings come to be considered. These should be wide and fall gracefully slightly below the wrists, and if cuffs have to be shot (giving that all-important plenty-of-room-here feeling so necessary to the chairman at a board meeting) then they should be shot gently, and in an upward direction, to eliminate possible pressure.

And finally—trousers. These should be a carefully chosen mean between the bell-bottomed and the drain-pipe. Although the latter give a suggestion of length, the impression received by the passer-by is that the wearer resembles a ball of wool transfixed by two knitting needles.

Well—there it is. A little care, a little thought, and those clothes contours can be reduced to the minimum. **FERGUSON MACLAY**

#### Pour encourager les autres

"When Marilyn Monroe was 16 and working in an aircraft plant, an Army photographer spotted her and, to boost wartime morale, shot her alongside every machine in the factory."—*Life*

## BALLADE OF BALLADES

**R**EADING a ballade, mark, I pray you, how  
A ruthless Destiny commands the rhymes;  
All work like mad, but one must pledge a vow  
To show its ugly face a dozen times;  
Truly, who writes a ballade, whether dimes  
Or sixpences comprise his hopeful due,  
Whether his name be Smith or, haply, Symes,  
He is a hero if he sees it through!

Half-crazed he mutters, as he clasps his brow,  
That green boiled sweets are nearly always limes,  
That some folk blench before a muddy sow  
And other folk are taken bad at mimes;  
What is the cause of invert sugar? Zymes  
Which act on ordinary sugar to—  
Last line approaching! Same again, like chimes!  
He is a hero if he sees it through!

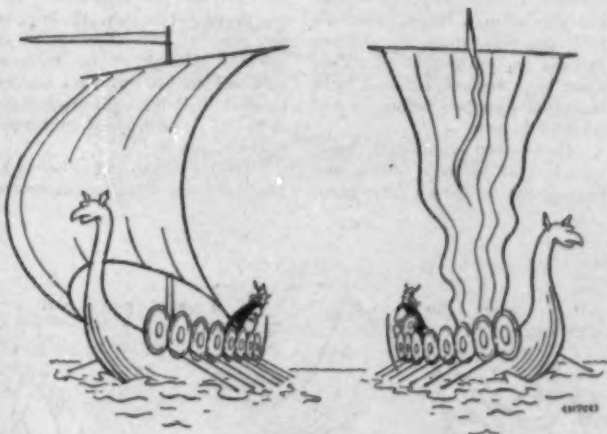
Courage! The blossom flutters off the bough  
Into the gardens of a million Heims  
From far Cologne to farther Jachenau  
Where on the mountains grow the lofty pines  
And Kurt and Ernst are much more usual nimes  
Than in the buffet-bar at Waterloo  
With men in bowlers holding lin-and-gimes;  
And that's the lot! Three verses! We are through!—

But for the

#### ENVOI

—quite an easy task,  
Like tying string; and rather futile, since  
All that it does is make the reader ask,  
In mild impatience, *Who on earth is Prince?*

ANDE



"They're starboard."

## THE HAY-RICK

THE three children were suspended in mid-air, strung out in an irregular line against the afternoon sky. The boy had his arms folded across his chest and an expression of agonized apprehension. His legs were drawn up to the level of his waist, one doubled under him and the other flung straight out in front. He looked like an airborne Cossack who had forgotten his parachute. The smaller girl, roughly on a level with him, was in an attitude of complete abandon; her mouth was wide open. Only the elder girl seemed to know what she was doing. Her arms were thrown up in a swept-back curve, like a Highland dancer, and she rode the air serenely, several lengths behind the others, on a balloon of colour-printed cotton from which her legs, long, brown and bare, tapered to a point beneath her. The car was travelling fast. The gap in the hedge snapped shut with the picture almost unchanged, and the small girl's long scream seemed to catch up with it only when the doctor started to brake.

The hay-rick had been cut off clean in a vertical slice, as though it were a loaf or a cake. It had never occurred to him before to wonder how they did that. He also wondered how, this being done, the children had got on top of it at all. They must have become airborne by a concerted leap just before he had reached the gap.

He walked cautiously back, conscious of his city clothes and anxious not to disturb these rustic

revels. The noise was continuous now, the confused and animal sounds of country children rolling in the hay. It stopped before he got to the gate, and when he leant over to look there was nothing to be seen. The cliff of hay rose up silver-gold in the serene light. It must seem an immense height to a child. At its feet a tumble of loose hay completed the temptation.

There was a scuffling noise, and a head appeared over the crest. It turned and called unintelligibly to other heads, which in due course appeared beside it. Gradually the three children ranged themselves on the edge. The smaller girl was in the full flush of delight. Her sister was in charge, slightly patronizing and playing to an unseen audience beyond the others' ken. The boy was in paroxysms of terror. They shuffled their feet in the slippery hay and got ready to jump. Even across the width of the field the tension gripped the watcher so that he held his breath.

The farmer roared from the other gate like an outraged lion. The smaller girl turned and put her hand between her teeth. Her sister, from some instinct of defence, crouched and peered at the menace over the edge of the rick. The boy, too far gone in his preparations, or perhaps startled off his balance, took off on his own and hurtled earthwards in brazen if involuntary defiance. As he dropped, the farmer bellowed again.

The boy began to run before he touched down. Then he disappeared

for a moment in the engulfing hay, emerged in a flat parabola and was off across the field without breaking stride. He was half-way to the doctor's gate when his sisters, appearing from behind the rick, set off after him. The three reached the gate almost together and shimmied over it with the effortless efficiency that is older than straight-leg hurdling. They had dark, scowling faces and slant eyes. They looked as if their father was a half-gipsy mole-catcher called Luke, always in trouble with the squire. They cursed the farmer out of the corners of their mouths as they ran.

The farmer advanced towards the rick, and the doctor, pushing open his gate, went to meet him. The farmer wore breeches and gaiters and carried a thick stick. He said "Evening, sir. Proper varmints they be, and no mistake." "No," said the doctor. "I mean, no mistake. They do be proper varmints. . . . And all," he added, wondering if this was going too far. "Ay," said the farmer, "do a mort of damage to thievery rick." "Ay," said the doctor.

The rick was built up like a wall of neatly squared bales. So that was how it was done. You just took away as many blocks as you wanted. And you left, presumably on the other side, steps that invited climbers. He measured the drop with his eye. It was not small. Even from the car the children had seemed a measurable time falling. To the boy it must seem like all eternity.

"Quite a height," he said. "Ah," said the farmer, "they don't hurt themselves. Dang it, I jumped off many a rick in my time." "Ah,"



said the doctor, "wouldn't do now." The farmer looked at him truculently. "No," he said, but he seemed doubtful. He said "Turned sixty, and still got me health." "Oh yes," said the doctor, "I can see that all right." He laughed nervously. They said good evening and went, each to his own gate.

The sun was well down when the doctor stopped his car by the gate and got out. There was daylight left, but the fields were deserted. He opened the gate and then, remembering the elder girl's skirt, went back to the car for his umbrella. He walked quickly across the field, unrolling it as he went. He tip-toed round the side of the rick looking for the steps.

The rustling seemed almost on top of him. He shrank back into the wall of hay, his umbrella at the ready. There was another rustle, and then the silence shut in so completely that he began to think he had imagined it. He lowered the point of his umbrella and, leaning forward, looked cautiously in both directions, but could see nothing.

The creak, the unidentifiable rushing sound and the tremendous thud came so close on top of each other that he found himself still leaning and looking sideways when the silence again supervened. "Dang it," said the farmer. "Thought I was a gonner." He hobbled off across the field, muttering to himself. The first star winked suddenly and an owl cleared its throat and gave a tentative hoot. Leaning against the scented wall of hay with his half-opened umbrella in his hand, the doctor waited his turn.

P. M. HUBBARD



THOUGHTS ON SEEING A RATHER RAPID  
PERFORMANCE OF A POETIC DRAMA BY  
MR. CHRISTOPHER FRY

AS I have turned a page  
Thick with that mighty line  
Echoing the age  
When England flew her lions with such pride,  
I have thought not of the stage  
But of those men who stood beside  
The apron, holiday-fine,  
Or jostled far back to the timbered wall  
Of *Sussex* or *Fortune* or that wooden O;  
And, seeing all  
The 'prentice-lads and burghers and the few  
Farmers to market staring at the show  
Beneath a London sky of country blue,  
I have asked, *What did all this beauty mean*  
*To them, that first*  
*Outburst of glorious mouthing, scene by scene,*  
*In words they knew but had not thought of as I*

And now I know.  
They half suspected that it was sublime—  
And might have understood it, given time.



## FROM THE CHINESE

- A Little Knowledge ... -

"THE study of the stars,"  
Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
"Has always been considered  
Beneficial and worthy,  
Kindling in Man  
The sense of the sublime,  
Pressing upon his attention  
The wonders of Nature,  
Revealing splendidly  
The vastness of the Universe.  
For myself,  
I am doubtful:  
It was written  
By the sage Lo Wang  
'The less we know  
About the cooking,  
The more we enjoy  
The feast.'  
For example,  
The wise men tell us,  
The blue stars  
Are very hot,  
And the red stars  
Are cooler.  
This may be true.  
But the information  
Is not very helpful  
To the ordinary man,

And it is so far  
From what is expected  
That it disturbs the mind.  
I have told my son  
That Antares,  
'Rival to Mars,'  
Is the Star of War  
Because it is a red-hot blaze.  
Now that I know  
That it is a cooler star  
Than the blue star Vega  
Which looks like ice,  
Refreshing and peaceful,  
I feel a fool  
And cannot tell  
What to say to my son.  
Then we are told  
That the Sun,  
That great furnace,  
The source of life,  
The cauldron of joy,  
Is as a candle  
Compared with stars  
Which we can hardly see.  
The bright planets  
Jupiter and Venus,  
Larger, it seems, more fiery  
Than the stars,  
Are lifeless globes  
Without heat or brilliance,  
Reflecting feebly  
The light of the Sun:  
And this great Earth,  
The illustrious residence  
Of the human race,  
Of which we are so proud,  
Is but another planet  
Of no great size;  
As you may see  
At the Feast of Virgins  
A garden glowing  
With torch and lantern,  
But here and there  
In a dark corner  
Is a lonely turnip  
Without a light.  
If a man stood  
On the nearest star  
Looking through the strongest glass  
At this corner of the sky,  
He would not see  
Our Earth at all.  
On the other hand,  
So distant (they say)  
Is the nearest star  
That its light



"Yes, she's definitely a modern  
type—plays the harpsichord."

Takes four and a half years  
To reach us;  
And if it exploded  
We should not know about it  
For four years  
And a half.  
For myself,"  
Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
"I do not find  
These facts inspiring.  
They nourish less  
The sense of the sublime  
Than my sense of smallness,  
The smallness of Man.  
It is not a good thing  
For Man to feel small.  
It seems to me,"  
Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
"The less we know  
About the stars the better.  
Our ignorant ancestors  
Thought that our Earth  
Was the centre of All Things;  
That round our home  
The Heavens revolved  
Obedient and admiring,  
Supplying Man  
With Heat and Light,  
With Beauty  
And Aids to Travel.  
And I, at least,"  
Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
"Am not persuaded  
That they were not right.  
At all events,  
It was a more sublime fancy  
Than a lonely turnip  
Without a light  
In a dark corner  
At the Feast of Virgins."

A. P. H.



"Sold to the gentleman with the  
ridiculous moustache next to the  
lady in the rabbit-fur coat."





## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, May 26

The Government did not have a very pleasant or restful day in either

House of Lords:  
Radio Criticism:  
House of Commons:  
Taxation Criticism

House, even though Ministerial reverses and criticism from the "friendly" back-benches are taken, nowadays, with the calm born of long use. True, Mr. R. A. BUTLER, after hearing several critical speeches from the back-benches behind him on the subject of the taxation of business profits, *did* crack back—but of that more anon.

In their Lordships' House the Government's plans for the future of the B.B.C. were under debate, with that dour figure, Lord REITH, looking on watchfully—it was he who opened the debate last week. One of the Government's proposals is that—sometime, when replacements of television parts, both transmitting and receiving, is easier, and when the state of the world in general is easier too—there may be Government permission for sponsored television.

This proposal, vague as it was, was regarded by some noble Lords as being the thin end of the wedge, the thick end of the cathode tube, or whatever is the appropriate metaphor in the circumstances. They saw, in the mind's eye, Miss Flossie Footlye actually interrupting Shakespeare or Wagner with a smiling injunction to wash one's smalls with "Dazzle" soap-substitute, or some such similar desecration of the classics.

That way, they seemed to say, with all the dramatic emphasis of a radio actor, that way lies the end of culture in looking-in.

"Hey! Don't get too excited," replied Lord de la Warr, the Postmaster General, in effect. "Even if this plan is approved now, nothing will be done to put it into operation—if and when the time comes—without Parliament's express approval."

But this was no consolation, it seemed, for those who saw the Way

Ahead as dark and grim and advertisement-strewn. Lord BRAND, for instance, grew almost tearful about the short-sightedness of those who looked on the sometime-in-the-future plan for sponsored TV as "a small thing." It would, he said, a quiver in his voice, mean a deterioration of the whole level of broadcasting.

He found a staunch ally in Lord MACDONALD OF GWAENYSGOR, on the other side of the House, who proclaimed his willingness to go to the stake in opposition to sponsored programmes, having had experience of them abroad. "Pah!" retorted Lord BRABAZON OF TARA, "all the

BRABAZON announced to be both Father and Mother of the B.B.C.) glowered severely on friend and foe alike. "Feather-bedded, that's what the B.B.C. is!" rasped Lord BALFOUR OF INCHRYE. "What the public wants should be the sole criterion of service." And he wanted sponsored programmes. Lord RADCLIFFE felt "deep dismay" at the prospect of sponsored programmes.

But the Lord Chancellor, in a lively speech, defended the Government's plans, declaring roundly that the critics seemed to take the line that whatever the public wanted was automatically bad for them. The critics had shown a "holier than thou" attitude, an air of ineffable superiority which he rejected. Every argument the critics had used had been used, with appropriate adjustments, at the time when John Milton fought for freedom to print.

The critics tut-tutted and glanced at each other as if to say: "This is the very sort of thing you might get on a sponsored programme: 'Use Churchill's Government for Whiter White Papers!'"

And, after all that, and with noble faces set in lines of grim determination, their Lordships . . . agreed to the withdrawal, without a vote, of a motion by Lord REITH criticizing the White Paper, and everybody went home. It's an old Upper House custom, invented by the Grand Old Duke of York.

The Other Place was still busy with the Finance Bill, and Mr. BUTLER and his team had to sit through a blizzard of their own from the Government back-benches. The critics did not like the Government's intention to put higher taxes on business profits than even the last Government had done, and they said so with some emphasis. It was noted that Mr. BUTLER was showing some signs of tension—tapping his teeth with a pencil, and so on.

Then he got up to have his say, unsmiling, pale and with a grimly set jaw. He intended to go on with the taxes on profits, he said, his



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. A. Henderson  
(Rowley Regis and Tipton)

best papers have advertisements! Are your Lordships conscious of any moral down-drag because of them?"

That's all very well, snapped Lord BRAND, but it's as if someone came along and ordered me to read the advertisements before I was allowed to read the leader in *The Times*. Their Lordships shuddered.

Lord HAWKE produced the revolutionary idea (and a lot more shudders) that the viewing public would prefer beer with their Beethoven—or perhaps shopping with their Chopin—to having no classics at all. So he favoured sponsoring.

The battle raged back and forth, some arguing with vehemence that the B.B.C.'s monopoly should be broken and rival TV shows allowed, others contending with passion that that meant the end of all culture. Lord REITH (whom Lord



*"Let's have a Crusade to Cyprus this year. It's within the sterling area."*

words dropping like ice into a cocktail-shaker, because the Tory Party had promised, at the election, to do so, and because he thought it was right. And what was more, he added, suddenly flinging the whole block of ice, plus a bottle or two, at his critics, he did not intend to be deflected from his course!

The rest of the evening passed in the atmosphere of a severe family tiff, with Mr. B. looking steadily to the front, and the critics trying to look anywhere but at him. The People Next Door (or, rather, across the Floor) seemed to derive some quiet amusement from the situation. Mr. B. did not.

**Tuesday, May 27**

MR. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, who scored as Minister of Transport in the recent debate

House of Commons: Finance Bill Again on re-nationalization of road haulage, appeared to-day in his other capacity as Minister of Civil

Aviation. And he scored again, this time with a statement that the private aviation companies were to be given better facilities to compete with the State-owned air lines. Competition, said Mr. L.-B., was a good thing and a thing likely to provide the public with better services.

Mr. Monroix was so angered by this statement that he provided a sort of loudly-muttered running commentary—which the Minister did not seem to mind. And, when the statement was complete, Mr. M. rose up in his wrath and demanded to be told why, just at a time when the State-owned civil aviation was getting triumphantly out of the red and (contrary to the expectation of most people) beginning to pay its way, the Government should choose to rush blindly in, throw a spanner in the works and generally mess things up.

Mr. M. was so angry that he hurled all this at the Minister in a

torrential few seconds, together with a demand for an early debate. The Minister replied soothingly that nobody was going to rush in, throw spanners or mess things up—and that, as to the debate, Mr. M. had better ask the Leader of the House. The Leader, duly appealed to, suggested that the matter be raised again later.

Whereupon most of the Members on both sides of the House rose to continue the cross-examination of the Minister of Civil Aviation. But Mr. Speaker said that a debate seemed to be developing and that that should be arranged for some future time.

So, reluctantly, the House turned again to the Finance Bill, for the umpteenth day of the Committee Stage. This went on for a long time without any great excitement, but some progress was made and the ending of the consideration of this measure was brought nearer. Which was something.

## AT THE PLAY

RUTH DRAPER (CRITERION)—*Sweet Madness* (VAUDEVILLE)

MISS RUTH DRAPER can safely be regarded as a classic. With her this is not a loose phrase.

The works of art which she carries in her head and voice and hands cannot, alas, be passed on intact to future generations, but I believe the mark they have made on the English mind may preserve them as something more than theatrical memories. Just as we think of Becky Sharp and the Fat Boy and Uncle Toby as being real people living their own lives quite separately from their authors, so already we think of the perfect secretary, Miss Nichols, and of the perfect dowager opening the bazaar; and when we drag reluctant friends through the groves of bindweed and ground-elder our murmur of regret that they didn't see the garden three weeks earlier now comes instinctively, without reference to

Miss DRAPER. In her case ALL MY OWN WORK is a claim worth making. Other great actresses have left us immortal records of golden performances in famous parts, but who else out of her own imagination and solid craftsmanship has given us such a splendid gallery of characters, and, more remarkably, such a host of unforgettable invisibles? Surely, knowing all we do about him, most of us could pick out Mr. Clifford from his fellow Rotarians without much difficulty!

Miss DRAPER is in London for six weeks, in a series of programmes. None of her sketches is new, though one was for me—a brilliant account of the reactions of a French star to different kinds of visitor to her dressing-room. The actress soothes a young poet, steers a rich patron towards the willing loan of his motor-car, explodes to her manager in a blaze of histrionics; and when at last she is so utterly exhausted that she dreads the curtain, the arrival of a party of diplomats brings her back into the ring as fresh as paint. All these emotions come marvellously from the magic boxes of temperament and technique. To quarrel even faintly with Miss DRAPER seems the very height of ingratitude, but one cannot help wishing she would add a few fresh weapons to her armoury. Since the war a lot has happened to us on which her unique comments are missing.

The sillier fringes of psycho-analysis are the very stuff of farce, and in *Sweet Madness* Mr. PETER JONES falls on them wittily. A young prig, rich and pompous and played selflessly by Mr. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, seeks a soul-mate whose subconscious flows parallel with his, and so a foreign quack puts him in touch with another problem child. Seldom can a consulting-room card-index have yielded a more perplexing dividend than Miss GERALDINE McEWAN, poised to kill. This charming and original young

actress makes a devastating equipment as an *ingenue terrible*. When she wishes she can assume the expression of a startled dabchick and the intonation of a slightly Irish cockatoo, while in strategic reserve, for all her glistening innocence, lurks the goal-winning kick of an emu. The other main ingredients here are a professional heart-breaker, taken very pleasantly by Mr. ROBIN BAILEY, and the ego-engineer himself, whose tipsey confessions of infidelity Mr. MARTIN MILLER seizes upon for one of those galvanic comic performances that gloriously defy the laws of gravity.

## Recommended

*Dragon's Mouth* (Winter Garden) a notable experiment by Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes. *Much Ado About Nothing* (Phoenix), a production far too good to be missed. *The Mortimer Touch* (Duke of York's), Linklater's wild farce.

ERIC KROWN



MISS RUTH DRAPER  
Opening a Bazaar



(*Sweet Madness*)

Valentine Crip—

MR. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH

Janet Andrews—

MISS GERALDINE McEWAN

Henry Winter—MR. ROBIN BAILEY



[My Six Convicts  
James Connie—MILLARD MITCHELL; Punch Pinero—GILBERT ROLAND  
Dawson—HENRY MORGAN; Steve Kopac—JAY ADLER

## AT THE PICTURES

### My Six Convicts—Deadline



**N**OT having read the book by DONALD POWELL WILSON on which *My Six Convicts* (Director: HUGO FREGONESE) is based, I can't be sure how much its facts were edited to produce what turns out to be a "prison picture" that, in many ways resembling other "prison pictures," is quite different from them in mood. In other words, though many of the expected incidents and characters turn up, and the climax is the good old organized attempt to break out, the whole affair is played for laughs very much more than usual. To say this may give the impression that the film is in poor taste: unquestionably a prison full of men serving long sentences for serious crime is hardly a suitable background for unthinking farce. But this is not unthinking farce; except for the climax and certain other touches of melodrama, it is reflective, sympathetic if sometimes over-whimsical comedy, arising out of a sincere attempt to benefit the prisoners, not to deride them. The central though not the most memorable figure is "Doc," the psychologist whose aim is to get psychological treatment introduced as a permanent part of the penal system. On six months' trial at an enormous (one thousand prisoners) American prison he gradually, after a disheartening period of suspicion

and ridicule from both inmates and staff, acquires the confidence of the men, and this film narrates his experience with the six of them who become his assistants in giving psychological tests to the others. The tone is set by the one (endearingly played by MILLARD MITCHELL) who happens to be a natural comedian; the others include, by a dispensation fortunate for the script, a hard self-advertising gangster, an alcoholic, and a "psychopathic killer" to precipitate the climax. Perhaps rather too many narrative problems are got round by the use of linking passages of commentary, and certainly in places the accompanying music is too much emphasized where the scene would be more effectively played in silence or with nothing but natural sound. Some of the dialogue, too, tends to get lost in the echoing corridors of the prison. But as a whole this is intelligently entertaining, humane and worth seeing, not to be avoided merely because it's "another prison picture."

You may think you have seen too many newspaper films, too; but *Deadline* (Director: RICHARD BROOKS), which in the U.S. seems to have been mysteriously called *Deadline—U.S.A.*, is an exceptionally good one. I read that much of it was shot in a real New York newspaper office, and the impression

of authenticity in the detail is strong, although as usual it is heightened and worked up according to the newspaperman's taste for dramatizing himself and romanticizing his profession. HUMPHREY BOGART appears as what is often called a "crusading editor," the motive behind his "crusade"—against a big racketeer—being strengthened by the need to provide some spectacular reason for his paper's continued existence when it is about to be sold to, and merged in, a rival. The assumption at the end is that the paper will be saved, though this is not stated definitely—the point of the story is the fight to save it, with the incidental picture of its people at work and the exciting pursuit of the villain. Further irrelevancies are the editor's domestic troubles and a certain tendency to bang over a stern message about the nobility of a free press, but nothing prevents the piece from being continuously, intensely entertaining.

### Survey

One of the most interesting things in London is *Mourning Becomes Electra*, made in 1947 and now shown here for the first time. It's still essentially "strong" stagedrama, not making its effects as a film should, but it's impressively done.

Of the releases, not one has been written about here. *Bugles in the Afternoon* is quite a good Cavalry-v.-Indians Western.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Deadline  
Ed. Hutchinson, Journalist—  
HUMPHREY BOGART



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Ancient Conflicts

**Solitary Confinement.** Christopher Burney. *Clarke and Cockeran*, 9/6

**Lease of Life.** Andrew Milbourne. *Museum Press*, 12/6

**Fight Against Fears.** Lucy Freeman. *Gollancz*, 12/6

**C**OURAGE and fear are as closely related as love and hatred. You cannot have courage without fear, because one is the conquest of the other. In more cheerful moments we like to think that at least some of the causes of fear are being eliminated, yet Belsen is fresh in our memories and the forced labour camps of Siberia are a current fact. And now we have a fresh crop of terrors bred by the nervous disorders of a generation that has had no time to adapt itself to the mad acceleration of the mechanical age. At any rate it is a hopeful sign that young writers are discussing fear openly, as if no longer ashamed of it.

This week three authors deal with it in different ways. The most interesting is Mr. Christopher Burney, whose *Solitary Confinement* tells us the processes by which he kept sane during eighteen months in a German cell, ten feet by five, in Paris. This is not a war book; its careful first-hand analysis of the effects of isolation on the mind has general application. To relieve the dangerous monotony of the day Mr. Burney resorted to all kinds of tricks. He disciplined himself strictly by keeping his wretched piece of bread untouched for hours, took long imaginary walks, ending in gargantuan meals, over remembered country, cleaned his nails with nannie-like precision and forced himself to recite stiff geographical details. But what seems chiefly to have saved him was an interminable debate on theology in which he slowly arrived at a personal solution to the paradox of an angry and a loving God. A Bible was his sole reading. As he grew humbler hope began to take the place of his deep fear of torture and death. To a curious degree he became self-sufficient, and embarrassed by any contact with his fellow prisoners. Late in his story he speaks, amazingly, of his "mild contentment." Everything at last seemed relative; when he was moved from one frightful cell to another he says it felt like being uprooted from a Georgian house to a villa. Having graduated with honours, he went on to Buchenwald. His was courage in its purest form, because it could draw no comfort from humanity. Self-pity is absent from this singularly clear attempt to make us understand the almost unimaginable.

So is it from *Lease of Life*, in which Mr. Andrew Milbourne describes modestly and often very movingly how he lost both hands and an eye at Arnhem, and after a period of humiliation and bitterness that nearly broke his marriage found self-respect working at the face of a coal-mine, before being given a permanent job in the Civil Service. Depressed at leaving the regular Army and haunted by the feeling that his useful life was over, he drove himself to master artificial limbs and—even more important—his own temperament.

It was a desperately difficult business. Only by reading his homely and humorous account of it can one begin to realize the size of an achievement from which he comes out a new man, happy and satisfied.

Miss Lucy Freeman's case was quite different. She was simply a victim of the "progress" that equipped nearly every room in her home with a radio and gave her brother a motor-car at thirteen. A successful New York reporter, she lived at a killing pace that wrecked her nerves and her health. After a fruitless round of doctors, she relapsed on the couch of a psycho-analyst, who forced her to slow up and think. *Fight Against Fears* is a record of her life and cure. It is written with more wisecracks than humour. Even when her analyst considered that the sluggishness which overcame her at her typewriter might be due to unconscious suicidal impulses—a poor look-out for some of us!—she seems to have registered no amusement. But in spite of the triviality of much of its outpourings her book has the merit of complete honesty.

ERIC KROHN

**Louisa May Alcott.** Madeline B. Stern. *Peter Nevill*, 21/-

No one would have been more surprised than the author of "Little Women" and other inspired pot-boilers to find herself the subject of a definitive biography, "written on a Guggenheim Fellowship," with seventy pages of sources and bibliography. This characteristic American tribute has only one exception to its comprehensiveness. It fails to explain how the Socratic Skimpole who was Louisa's father managed to marry the gallant and well-bred mother of his four



daughters. Reared mainly at Concord, Mass., on apples and dry bread, Louy was taught by her adored Mr. Emerson that "that which is done at home must be . . . the spirit of the age to us." Thoreau was the magician who revealed nature to her. Mr. Hawthorne, at The Old Manse, stood for mystery. The celebrities she beheld as such—the hoarse, red-faced Dickens, "young Mr. Wilde"—were personally distasteful to her. She was a child of the Transcendentalists and of a series of precarious New England homes. H. F. E.

**The Holy Sinner.** Thomas Mann. Secker and Warburg, 15/-.

No novel or drama—including "Edipus Rex"—ever published has portrayed such frightful human dilemmas as Dr. Thomas Mann reconstructs in *The Holy Sinner* from a seven-hundred-year-old legend of twins who fall in love with each other. If ever hell was on earth, then it must have been in their spiritual torments, though their punishment, and their sin, does not become apparent in its full horror until the twins produce a child by the name of Grigoris. From the start the boy is evidently destined to live—if eternity is contained in a second—through aeons of spiritual agony. He is cast out to sea in a casket, survives, grows up in a monastery, marries his mother, spends seventeen years expiating his and his father's sin, tied to a rock, and becomes Pope by some mysterious movement of holy compassion. Writing in the style of an early Christian monk, Dr. Mann evokes a terrible world with passion and sympathy; and so successful is he in holding the reader hypnotized that only time can show whether this undoubted *tour de force* is (as it appears to be) a masterpiece of imaginative insight.

R. K.



"You mark my words—once allow them to have sponsored television and before you know where you are we'll be having advertisements of some sort on the screen."

**Sea Fever.** A. H. Rasmussen. Constable, 12/6

"The easier and safer life at sea becomes the fewer sailors seem to stick to it." The words, spoken some years ago to the present writer by the secretary of a leading training establishment for Merchant Navy officers, are as true as they are paradoxical; and Mr. A. H. Rasmussen's *Sea Fever*, in which he tells the story of his early years as a sailor, admirably bears out the statement. He started his seafaring life as a small and sickly boy in one of the hardest schools in the world, the North Sea coasting trade; but neither hunger, nor hardship, nor hard work, nor the occasional brutalities of his shipmates—not, be it noted, of his officers—could shake his determination to stick to his chosen calling. Collier brig, "pump and drown" Baltic barques, deep-sea square-riggers—of all the ships he served in there is only one of which he writes with dislike, and that is a tramp steamer. "No life for a real sailor" is his summing-up of life in steam; and his book is an eloquent demonstration, if any were needed, that neither hardship, nor danger, nor long absences from home, but sheer deadly monotony and the suppression of the individual constitute the sailor's grouch in the Welfare fleets of to-day. C. F. S.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**Victorian Olympus.** William Gaunt. Cape, 15/-.

Fourth of Mr. Gaunt's gossip, entertaining surveys of Art History. He inspects with awe and amusement the "Classical" Victorian Academicians—Leighton, Poynter, Alma-Tadema, etc.—who lived like merchant princes and, in opposition to both the Gothic Revivalists and the Modernists, plied a highly profitable line based on diluting the precise idealism of the Elgin Marbles with sentimentality.

**Key to Modern Poetry.** Lawrence Durrell. Peter Nevill, 12/6.

Survey of modern poetry, based on critical comparison between *Ulysses* of Tennyson and *Gerontion* of Eliot. Contrast attributed to developments in physics and psychology, especially the emancipated concept of Time and the Ego. These developments are discussed as the key to disturbed structure of language and thought in modern poetry.

**Silver Wings.** E. M. Butler. Hogarth Press, 8/6.

It was George Sand's view that a novelist was too much of a monster to be made the subject of a novel: Miss E. M. Butler has thought otherwise. Her introspective ineffectual "hero," Dick Carruthers, has written a "brilliant" novel, *Silver Wings*. There is jealousy here, psychology, mystery, hocus-pocus, black magic, *onglet*—a potpourri of the dead leaves of the mind.

**Summer of Enchantment.** Lewis Wilshire. Dent, 10/6.

Light farcical entertainment. A domestic dragon drags her husband and reluctant daughter down to a haunted country hall. The ancient and scheming gardener is a grand character, the love interest is uninteresting, the "ghosts" add excitement, there is a sort of exuberance, but the book lacks the sparkle that makes absurdity enchanting.

**Sweet Roman Hand.** Wilfrid Blunt. James Barrie, 15/-.

Another plea, rather more expert and furnished with better examples than Aubrey West's last year, for the use of Italic as an everyday hand. A persuasive book; but the addition of even one chapter of elementary practical instruction would greatly have increased its value.

**My Own Unaltered Work.** Hermione Gingold. Werner Laurie, 7/6.

Collection of articles and monologues with a reprint of Miss Gingold's burlesque autobiography "The World is Square." Theatrical endearments, good jokes, weak jokes, private jokes, make an odd, occasionally entertaining mixture. Should be read with the writer's voice and manner in mind.

**The Queen's Awards: Series 5.** Gollancz, 10/6.

Good collection of ingenious and polished detective stories. Editorial comment less exuberant and peculiar than usual. Plots better than ever without any falling off in the careful originality of background that marks the series.

## THE LOWING HERD

THE compartment throbbed with the sound of men sleeping. In the corner facing me Colonel Rackstraw snored in short bursts, raising his right hand to the salute at the end of each salvo and then letting it drop on to his evening paper with a crack like a whip-lash. From Marriott seated next to him there issued a series of high-pitched warbling notes which, with a little careful editing from Mr. Ludwig Koch, could have gone straight into the Home Programme as Bird-song of the Month. In the far corner our vicar was droning away at an organ voluntary, interspersed with some half-remembered banns of marriage from the previous Sunday.

In desperation I opened the fashion magazine I was taking home for my wife and sought refuge in the world of *haute couture*. Almost immediately a sentence sprang at me from the printed page. "*Boleros*," it said, "*are running like wildfire through the Paris collections.*"

I looked at the colonel. Would he ever forgive me, I asked myself, for allowing him to sleep on in ignorance of such things? It was not a risk I was prepared to take.

I leaned over and shook him by the arm. He trumpeted loudly, saluted twice in quick succession and opened his eyes.

"What's up, Hoppercroft?" he muttered thickly.

"The news looks pretty bad, sir," I said. "It says here that boleros are running like wildfire through the Paris collections."

"Boleros, eh?" The colonel made a gallant attempt to bring me into focus. "Thin end of the wedge when those fellows start running amok. First-class fighters, mind you, but a packet of trouble as soon as they're out of the line..." His voice tailed off and he began to nod.

"Don't you think Marriott should know about this?" I said loudly.

The colonel opened his eyes and stared vaguely at Marriott. Marriott chose that moment to start on a *reprise* of the seagull noises which

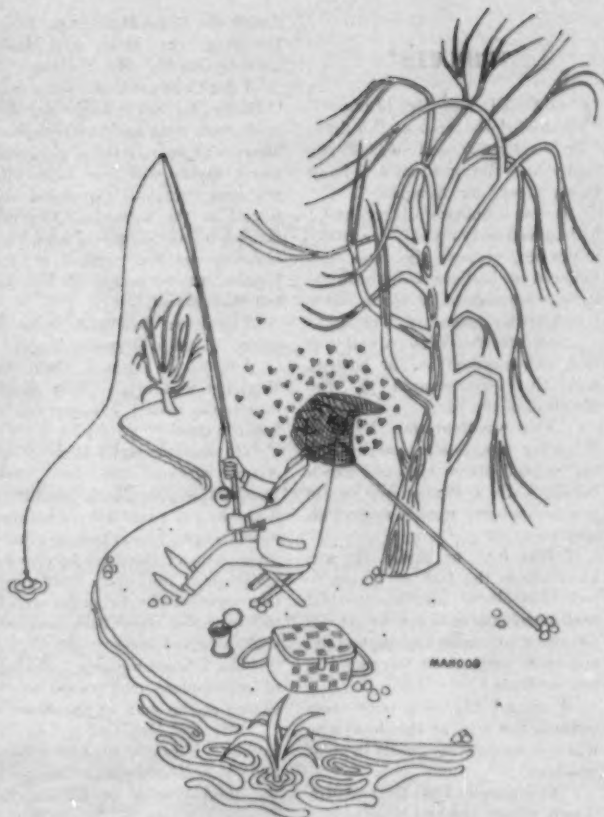
had practically emptied the compartment at Clapham Junction.

"Yes," said the colonel, "I think he should." He nudged Marriott in the ribs. The bird-song stopped and Marriott woke up.

"Anything wrong?" he mumbled.

"Quite a lot," said the colonel tartly. "Hoppercroft here tells me that boleros are running like wildfire through the Paris collections."

"Are they, by Jove!" Marriott blinked at us. "We had a plague of 'em once under our floorboards. Little beggars had eaten clean through a couple of joists and were starting on the third. Boleros, eh?" He undid another button of his waistcoat and closed his eyes.



The colonel nudged him again. "Better tell the padre," he shouted.

Marriott opened one eye and peered at the vicar, who had just embarked on a tremulous *vox humana* passage. "I quite agree, sir," he said. He shook the vicar by the knee and woke him.

"We thought you ought to know, padre," said Marriott, "that boleros are running like wildfire through the Paris collections."

The vicar yawned. "I can well believe it," he said sleepily. "We find an alarming number of foreign coins in our own offertories."

He settled back in his corner and closed his eyes. In a few moments the compartment throbbed with the sound of men sleeping.

## TRIPLETS

"COLONEL and Mrs. Jumper,"  
droned the man at the door,  
"Mr. Segby-Ash and Miss Peggy  
Segby-Ash, Bishop Stoot and Lady  
Cleely Stoot. Mr. Simpson."

It was a political dinner, and I  
had arrived early myself. A mistake  
in tactics, because the mob that  
followed me had gradually hemmed  
me into a corner of the room, where  
I had hardly space to lift my gin.

Simpson shook hands with our  
host and smirked at our hostess,  
and then disappeared in the  
direction of the bar.

"That was Simpson," I said to  
Brigadier Hogg, who was holding  
his cocktail above his head like a  
banner with a strange device, to  
prevent its being crushed against his  
waistcoat.

"Was it?" he said. He was  
absorbed in the task of trying to  
lever his elbow between two fat  
back-benchers, in order to get his  
glass on a level with his lips, and did  
not seem particularly interested in  
new arrivals.

I turned my eyes once more  
towards the man at the door, who  
was still announcing guests in great  
numbers.

"Commander Flit, Mr. and Mrs.  
Gooch, Miss Svelte and Miss Carmen

Svelte, the Right Honourable Percy  
Drooping, Sir Peter and Lady  
Collarby-Starch. Mr. Simpson."

I gazed in astonishment as the  
Collarby-Starches drifted away and  
made room once again for Simpson.  
There was no mistaking him. He  
shook hands with our host with  
the same egregious expression and  
bowed in the same fake-Regency  
fashion to our hostess. Perhaps his  
made-up tie had worked a little  
farther round towards his left ear,  
but that was all.

"Simpson has just come in  
again," I said to Brigadier Hogg.

"Don't be absurd," said the  
Brigadier irritably. "Why should  
he come in twice? I reckon you've  
had too much pink gin."

He had managed to lever his  
elbow between the two back-  
benchers, but they had closed in on  
it and he still could not get his glass  
near his lips. I tried to help him by  
giving one of the back-benchers a  
gentle push, but, apart from upset-  
ting most of the Brigadier's cock-  
tail over the other back-benchers'  
shoe, achieved little.

The Brigadier gave up all hopes  
of refreshment and joined me in  
gazing at the man at the door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gallup," he was  
saying. "Miss Pansy Trott, Major  
and Mrs. Griddle, His Highness  
the Bam Wanjar of Ghool. Mr.  
Simpson."

The Brigadier looked at me  
oddly.

"There's Simpson now," he  
said. "Only just got here. You've  
no head for spirits, as I've often told  
you, and ought to stick to beer."

Dinner was announced before I  
could reply, and I crept uneasily  
into the huge dining-room and found  
my allotted place. I had decided  
to stick to water for the rest of  
the evening.

Simpson sat down opposite.

"You'd think," he said, leaning  
across the table, "that by this time  
they'd have invented a fool-proof  
flash-bulb. A pal of mine on the  
*Daily Wire* very decently offered to  
do me a bit of good by including me  
in a picture of the Minister for  
Denationalization receiving his  
guests, but his flash-bulb failed  
twice, so I had to make three  
separate entrances. I hope nobody  
noticed."

"I don't suppose anybody did,"  
I said, gratefully accepting a glass  
of white wine from the waiter.

D. H. BARBER

6 6

## POWER

ALL power corrupts . . . yet no one  
likes

To ride on half-horse auto-bikes;  
My heart, indeed, was purer when  
I drove an Open Tourer Ten.

E. V. M.



"How could I signal that I was going to reverse? There isn't a signal for it."

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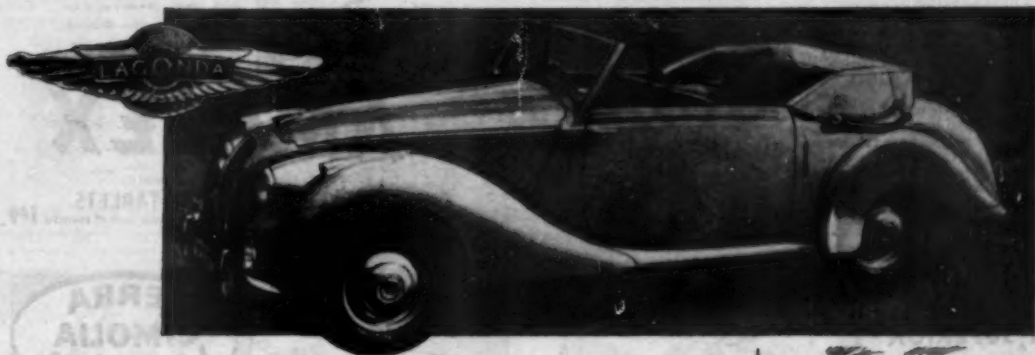
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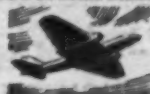
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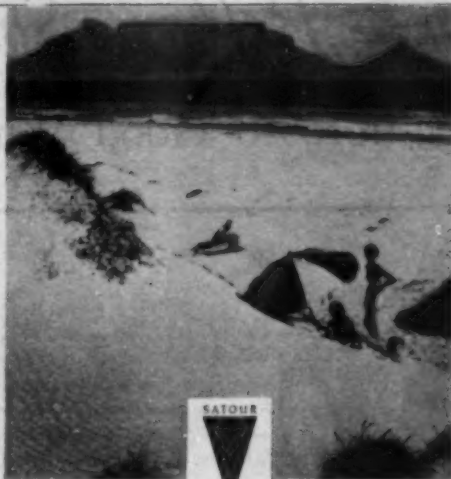
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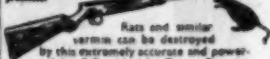
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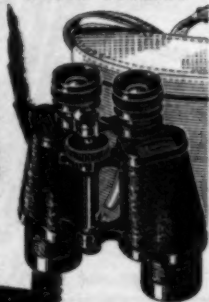
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An enquiry from a customer using a dyestuff for this purpose



led I.C.I. to carry out a large number of tests, which ultimately resulted in the marketing of "Solivap" Green—a dye outstanding in both light-fastness and the power to absorb radiation, and thus the most satisfactory for speeding-up evaporation. Practical trials at the Osborne salt works of I.C.I. Australia and New Zealand Ltd. showed that the use of "Solivap" Green in the final evaporation ponds increased the yield of salt by 20% and correspondingly decreased production costs. To-day, "Solivap" Green is helping to increase salt production in countries as far afield as Africa, Australia, Brazil and India.

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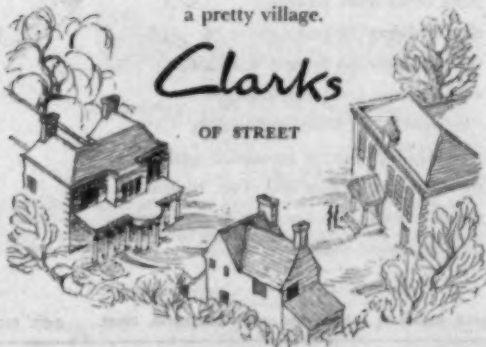
Unlike most villages, Street, in

Somerset, is *not* noted for being the prettiest in England. It is noted, instead, for making some of the prettiest shoes for women and the healthiest for children that all Britain can show.

They are shown, and bought, in fifty overseas countries today. Clarks, shoemakers in Street since 1825, employ three thousand Somerset craftsmen to make *three million pairs* of Clarks shoes a year . . . for Britain, America,

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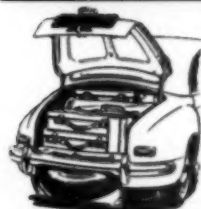
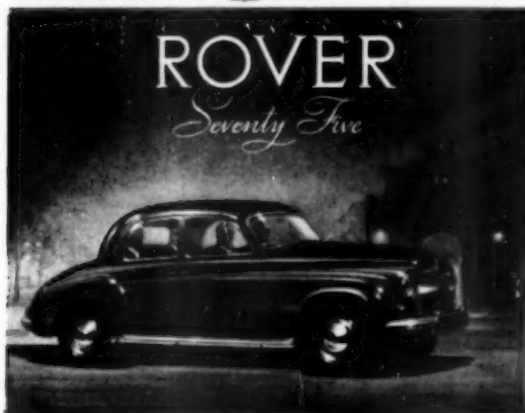


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